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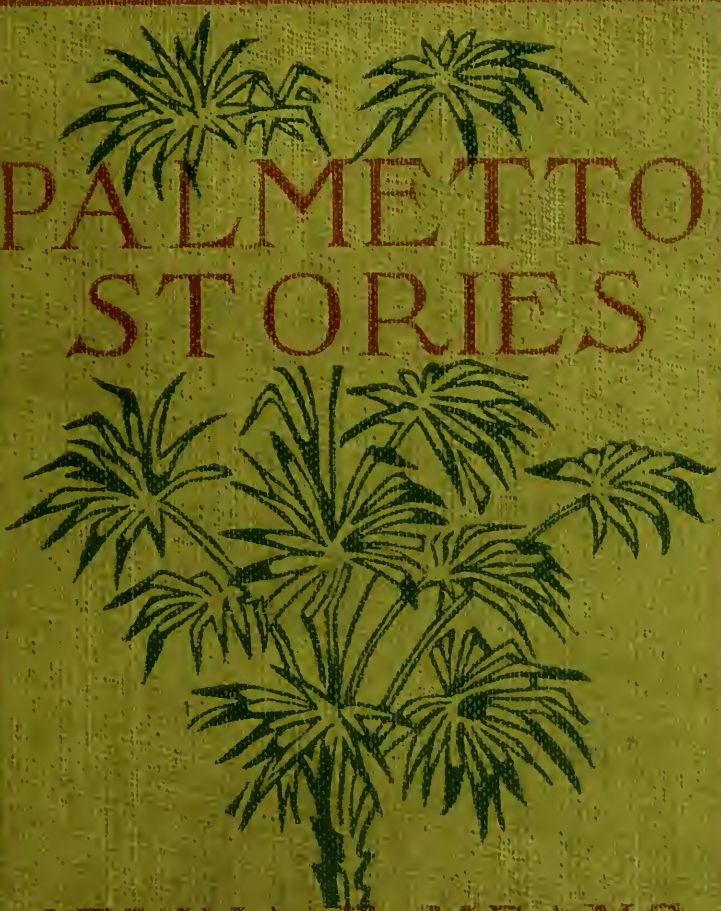

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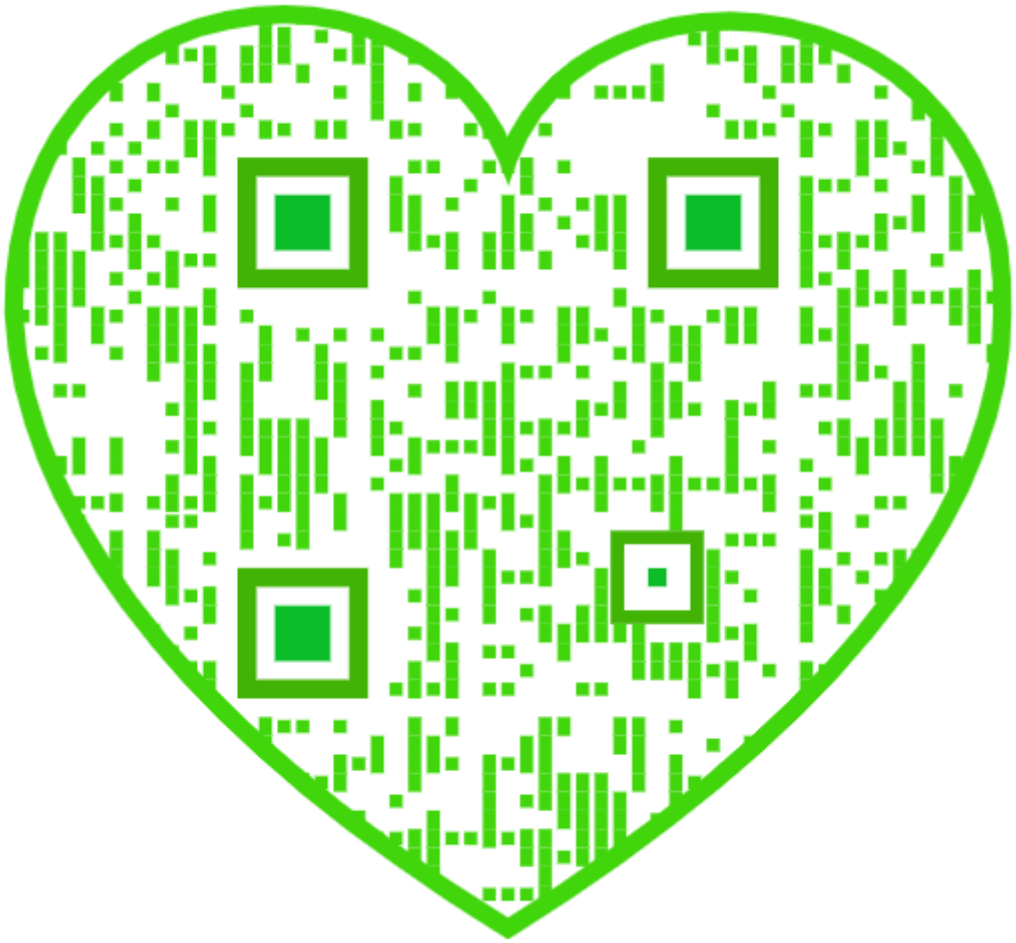

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PALMETTO STORIES

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The Battle-Fields
of
South Carolina
NORTH CAROLINA
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ATLANTIC OCEAN
MECKLENBURG
YORK
YORKVILLE
CHESTER
LANCASTER
CHESTERFIELD
MARLBOROUGH
DARLINGTON
MARION
HORRY
GEORGETOWN
WILLIAMSBURG
SUMTER
RICHLAND
COLUMBIA
FAIRFIELD
WINNSBORO
KERSHAW
CAMDEN
NEWBERRY
LAURENS
ABBEVILLE
EDGEFIELD
UNION
SPARTANBURG
GREENVILLE
PICKENS
OCONEE
ANDERSON
AIKEN
BARNWELL
ORANGEBURG
CLARENDON
BERKELEY
COLLETON
HAMPTON
CHARLESTON
AUGUSTA
Charlotte
Earlsford
Cowpens
Kings Mountain
Wahab's Plantation
Waxhaws
Ft. Thicker
Cedar Springs
Williamson's Plantation
Landford
Beattie's Battleground
Cheraw
Cheohee
Great Canebrake
Woods Ford
Musgrove Mill
Brass Town
Fort Rutledge
Tugaloo R.
Seneca
Camp
Fishdam
Old Field
Rocky Mount
Hanging Rock
Flat Rock
Hobkirks Hill
Wateree
Nacallion Ferry
Indian Town
Witherspoon or Dubois Ferry
Port Ferry
Brittons Neck
Snow Island
Ninety Six
Cherokee Ford
Granby
Statesburg
Ft. Charlotte
Ft. Motte
Ft. Watson
Black Mingo
Kingstree
Aiken
Ft. Galphia
Eutaw Springs
Nelson's Ferry
Monks Corner
Fairlawn
Bacons Bridge
Dorchester
Cainhoy
Wappetaw
Girhams Ferry
Pon Pon
Salkehatchie
Mathews Plantation
Ft. Moultrie
Hutson's Ferry
Coosawhatchie
Ebenezer
Purysburg
Savannah
Sullivans Island
Isle of Palms
Santee R.
Pee Dee R.
Black R.
Lynch
Big
Little
Broad
Saluda
Reedy
Enoree
Tyger
Pacolet
Catawba
Congaree
Wateree
Lynches
Waccamaw
Edisto R.
Combahee R.
Coosawhatchie R.
Broad R.
Salkehatchie
Briar Creek
Augusta
Ft. Galphia
Ft. Charlotte
Ft. Thicker
Ft. Prince
Ft. Motte
Ft. Watson
Ft. Moultrie
Sullivans Island
Isle of Palms
Snake Island
Santee R.
Pee Dee R.
Black R.

PALMETTO STORIES

A READER FOR FIFTH GRADES

BY

CELINA E. MEANS

WITH THE EDITORIAL ASSISTANCE OF

WILLIAM H. HAND

SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS, CHESTER, S.C.

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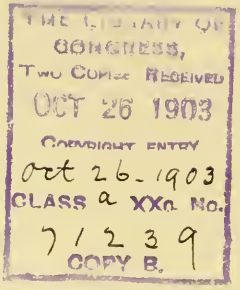

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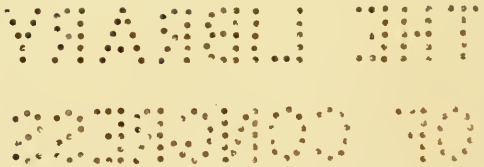

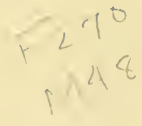

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PREFACE

This little book is not a history of South Carolina. There are already several very scholarly histories of the state, but none is suited to elementary work. Recognition of the fact that there are many stories in its history well suited to interest young children, and to create in them pride for the noble achievements of their forefathers and love for their state, has induced the author to write this volume. The attempt has been made to give true accounts of a few of the men and women who have made the history of the state, and to give a correct picture of some of the conditions under which these men and women labored.

Christopher Gadsden, John Rutledge, William Lowndes, John C. Calhoun, Ann Pamela Cun-

ingham, and others whose names appear in this volume, do not belong to South Carolina alone; they served their country in a larger field. Yet it is sincerely to be hoped that the children of South Carolina, after reading about these men and women, will enter more eagerly into a study of the history of the state.

The author wishes to express her thanks to the Lothrop Publishing Company and to Mr. W. H. Hayne for permission to use Paul Hamilton Hayne's poem, "McDonald's Raid."

CELINA E. MEANS.

COLUMBIA, S.C.,
September, 1903.

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PALMETTO STORIES

PALMETTO STORIES

I. PORT ROYAL

It was in 1520 that Europeans first landed on the coast of what is now South Carolina. They were a band of mere adventurers under the leadership of a Spaniard named Velasquez. He found the native Indians friendly and hospitable, but in return he acted with cruel treachery toward them. By means of gifts and pretenses of friendship he induced a number of them to go on board his vessels. He then set sail, intending to sell them as slaves. His base design, however, ended in failure. The captives refused to eat and died of starvation and grief. The crew quarreled among themselves, the ship foundered, and the whole expedition went to pieces.

Forty-two years later an attempt was made

to colonize South Carolina. This attempt was made by a Frenchman. The immediate cause of this undertaking was the violent quarrel in France between the Roman Catholics and the Protestants. The latter were called Huguenots. In France the Catholics were the stronger and had control of the government. To find the Protestants a place where they might worship God as they pleased, Admiral Coligny, a Frenchman of birth and position, conceived the idea of founding a colony in America.

From Charles IX., then king of France, he obtained permission to do so. He was allowed to fit out two ships and two pinnaces for the expedition. Captain Jean Ribault was chosen commander. He took with him, besides the crew, a number of trained soldiers, together with many gentlemen interested in the undertaking. The plan was to select a suitable spot, fortify it, and then send back for the women and children.

A few days before Christmas, 1561, a young fellow dressed in a black velvet suit with lace ruffles about the neck and wrists, walked briskly to the quay. Here a middle-aged man was giving orders in an energetic way to some laborers. The younger man stood patiently by, till presently the elder man, perceiving him, said kindly: "Ah, it is thou, Lachere. How art thou?"

"I am very well, I thank thee, Captain Ribault. I came to say that at last my uncle hath given his consent to my sailing with thee."

"Hast thou well considered this? Dost thou know that storms may arise in unknown seas? savages attack us? illness come to us in a wilderness? yea, starvation perhaps?"

"I have considered all thou sayest; yet there we may worship God in spirit and in truth. Are not the rack, and the fire of the stake as terrible as storms and savages?"

"Well; be it then as thou dost desire. Come with us, and God bless thee."

"If thou hast not a drummer-boy, Captain Ribault, there is a lad, one of my uncle's flock, a good drummer and anxious to go. His parents are dead, and Louis Croix, one of the ship's carpenters, is his only near kinsman."

"Thank thee, Lachere; I will inquire further into the matter. But away now; I have no time to talk, for the cold winds have given several of the ship's carpenters lung trouble, and work lags sadly."

A few weeks after this, in February, 1562, Ribault set sail for America. In the company he carried with him were Lachere and his young friend, Jean Croix, the drummer-boy. It was Jean who, sitting up in the rigging, caught the first sight of land as the ship approached America, and gave the welcome cry, "Land, ho!"

Ribault landed first on the coast of what is now Florida, at the mouth of the river now called St. Johns. He called the river May,

it being the first day of May when he landed. In a few days, however, a storm drove the ships to sea for safety, and when calm was restored, the pinnaces were nowhere to be seen. Ribault, very anxious, sailed along the coast, fearing to find them wrecked. But thirty days after the storm, attracted by smoke, he put into a fine harbor and there found them safe. The harbor was so beautiful that he named it Port Royal. This name it still bears, though more than three hundred years have passed since the storm-driven pinnaces found shelter in its circling arms. After anchoring, the crew went on shore, where the Indians received them with gifts of game and fruit. Later, Ribault with some of his men went up the river which flows into the harbor, until they came to an island. Here they set up a stone pillar engraved with the arms of France and the date on which the expedition started. All the men stood in line while prayer was offered and a psalm

was sung. Then Ribault addressed his men as follows: —

"My men, I have taken possession of this country. I have set up this stone which we brought from France, as a sign to others that the land is ours. Here I hope we shall build a new France, where no man may seek to hinder our consciences in what we consider God's true service. I propose to go back and tell those we left at home of the gentle, kindly Red Men we have met. I shall tell them of the game, the fish, the birds, and the flowers — all waiting for those who come to these shores. Who will remain to care for the colony while I am gone?"

He had scarcely finished his speech when Lachere, Jean Croix the drummer-boy, and Louis Croix the ship's carpenter, followed by Nicholas Barrie, Albert de la Pierra, and twenty others, stepped from the ranks. All these declared themselves willing to remain while Ribault returned to France for the other

colonists. These, assisted by the ship's crew, built and intrenched a fort which they called Fort Charles in honor of the king of France. Ribault then appointed Albert de la Pierra captain of the fort, and leaving a plentiful supply of provisions, sailed back to France.

At first the prospects of the colony were excellent. Not only had they plenty of provisions and a good fort, but the Indians were friendly. These new neighbors were so friendly that on one occasion Andusta, one of their chiefs, invited the men at Fort Charles to attend a solemn religious festival to be held by his tribe.

Lachere, in command of ten men, was given leave of absence for six days to attend it. The white men were somewhat taken aback. They found that the festival to which they had been asked was a strict fast. However, the manners and customs of the Indians and their strange religious ceremonies interested them. They remained three days without

complaint, though without a mouthful of food. But it may be safe to suppose that they were very willing to return to the camp before the six days of leave expired.

As they marched homeward they discussed their hosts and their late experiences.

"It is a marvel to me," said Louis Croix, "how these Red Men fast worse than the priests at home."

"Yes;" answered Nicholas Barrie, "and how they howl and dance, and dance and howl again, and jump up so strongly on empty stomachs, is a wonder."

"By St. Dennis!" said Jean Croix, "I believe I could eat a polecat. Andusta says they are good. Art thou not hungry enough to eat one?"

"That's a little too much for me," returned Nicholas Barrie, with a laugh.

But Jean's brother Louis said gravely, "Thou must not use oaths, Jean. Thou didst call St. Dennis's name irreverently. I do not hold to making prayer to him, but he was

a man of God and is not to be spoken of lightly." This rebuke confused Jean. He was devoted to his brother and Louis loved the lad with warm tenderness.

Jean loved the wild life of the woods. He had given his brother anxiety more than once by roaming abroad without permission, thus displeasing De la Pierra. The captain of the fort was naturally a stern man. The time fixed for the return of Ribault had passed without bringing him or any news of him, and De la Pierra had become fitful and gloomy in temper, unjust, and unduly severe in enforcing discipline.

Lachere did his best at all times to cheer the garrison and to maintain discipline. One morning as he stood near the entrance of the fort, Jean Croix came out with fishing tackle on his arm. "Jean," he said, "do not stay out beyond an hour by the sun. Captain de la Pierra is already displeased with thee; he is very gloomy and unhappy of late."

"Monsieur Lachere, thou knowest Captain de la Pierra is a tyrant," said the drummer-boy, bitterly.

"Nay, nay, Jean, speak not so. Thou knowest well that a garrison like ours, but for obedience, would soon come to naught."

"It will come to naught. Men will not always bear with Captain de la Pierra's cruelty; he is unmerciful. God will surely judge him! I was lost that day I was late; but he would not receive my excuse, and had me flogged so that for days I could not move. But for thee and my brother, I should go to the Red Men, less savage than he, and never return to the fort."

"Jean, Jean, think on thy soul. Join not thyself to the heathen." But the drummer-boy went on without further remark.

Louis Croix was absent on a mission to Andusta for corn. Of fish, venison, and wild fowl there was abundance, but the garrison hungered for bread. Jean was sorely tempted

to go to the Indians, but the thought of his brother's grief at his doing so held him back. He walked on thoughtfully through the pathless woods. Finally he said to himself, "I shall go back to the fort to-night, but if Captain de la Pierra continues his severity, I shall leave and not come back to the fort until Captain Ribault returns."

Just as he reached this conclusion he came to a beautiful lagoon. He sat down, and soon in the delight of his luck in fishing forgot his bitter thoughts. The hours passed unheeded, and the sun had sunk nearly to the horizon before he started back to the fort. He was not sure of the trail, and darkness came before he reached home.

Lachere had watched with sad forebodings for Jean's return. When the hour for taps[1] had come, he had himself beaten the drum in the hope that De la Pierra might not observe the absence of Jean. But De la

[1] A signal on a drum to soldiers to put out lights.

Pierra's ear detected the substitute. At sunrise the next morning poor little Jean Croix was hanged for neglect of duty and disobedience. Lachere, too, was arrested and sent in a boat with eight days' provisions, to be left on a desert island.

When Louis Croix returned to the camp the next day and was told what had been done, he was overwhelmed with grief. The whole garrison was in sympathy with him. The men were already in a state of indignation and resentment at the severities of De la Pierra. This feeling so increased that they held a secret council, and decided on his death as the only means by which they could be freed from his tyranny. Neither date nor method for the execution of this design was fixed. But on the ninth day after the hanging of Jean Croix and the banishment of Lachere, as Louis Croix and Nicholas Barrie were hewing a log into shape for a beam, De la Pierra came walking by. He did not

appear to see them, but stopped within a few feet of Louis Croix and looked moodily out to sea. Suddenly, with a quick bound, Louis, springing to De la Pierra's side, swung the ax and clove his head in two down to his shoulders. As the captain's body fell to the ground, Nicholas started forward in horror, exclaiming, "Louis Croix, man, what hast thou done?"

"What thou shouldst have done last week when my poor Jean was murdered; what had to be done, Nicholas Barrie, to save Lachere from starvation on yon lonely island."

The men at once elected Nicholas Barrie captain of the garrison. As quickly as possible a boat was sent to rescue Lachere. A council was held to decide on the future course of the men at Fort Charles. The belief of all was that Ribault would not return, and all hope of founding a colony had died out of their hearts. It was determined, therefore, to try to return to

France. Lachere alone protested against such an undertaking.

"We are going home, monsieur," said Louis Croix. "Captain Ribault is dead or has deserted us. It is useless for us to remain here."

"Ribault has not deserted us," said Lachere firmly. "I fear there is civil war in France between the Catholics and the Huguenots, and he cannot leave to come to us."

"So much the more reason," said Nicholas Barrie gravely, "for us to return. We belong to our wives and children. We should be in France to shield them from harm, if we may; if we may not shield them, then to die with them."

"But how can we get to France?" remonstrated Lachere. "We have no vessel, and the sea is wide."

"I have built vessels," returned Louis Croix, undaunted. "The forest is full of timber, the pine trees will give us resin, and

the oaks will give us moss with which to calk the seams. Our sheets and shirts will make sails. Andusta has promised me rope; the Red Men make it from the inner bark of certain trees and from grass."

So the matter was settled, and all energies were turned to building a vessel to carry them to France. When completed, it was well stocked with provisions and ammunition. The food carried seemed to Lachere not enough for such a voyage as they were undertaking. Louis Croix and Nicholas Barrie thought it was, and that it would be unwise to put greater weight on the vessel. Accordingly the weight was not increased. All things being ready, the colonists set off with high hopes.

For one third of the voyage all went well. Then a calm befell; there was no wind to fill the sails, and for days the vessel made no progress. The provisions that under usual conditions would have been enough for the

voyage, ran low. Twelve grains of millet a day was the allowance for each man. Finally this failed, and starvation stared them in the face. It was then that Lachere, speaking aside in low tones to Captain Barrie, said: "Let me be killed for food for the men. It is best that one die for the many."

"No! no!" cried Barrie, in horror. But when Lachere continued to urge his request, Barrie begged him to wait at least three days, as in that time succor might come. The three days passed, but brought no relief. Again Lachere urged his request that he be permitted to die for his friends. This time Captain Barrie, now without any hope of rescue, and knowing that either one or all on board the vessel must be lost, told the starving, half-crazed men what Lachere had requested.

When he made the announcement, an awful silence fell. Then Louis Croix said solemnly, "Let us cast lots."

The lots were drawn and the fatal number fell to Lachere. He lifted his eyes to heaven and murmured reverently, "My God, I thank Thee." Then turning to the men whose lives he was about to save by giving up his own, he said: —

"My comrades, you saved me from the horrors of starvation on that desert island; to save you I gladly give the life you saved." Then once more lifting his eyes to heaven and saying, "O God, I thank Thee that Thou hast found me worthy to die that these may live," he calmly and bravely met his fate.

Barrie's party was rescued by an English vessel and taken to England. When the men reached home, they found that civil war in France between the Catholics and the Protestants had broken out. Ribault could not return as he intended to do. He had not deserted the colony. But his attempt to establish a home for the Huguenots had failed.

II. THE ENGLISH IN CAROLINA

More than a hundred years after the French built the fort at Port Royal, Charles II. of England granted to some English gentlemen the land we call North and South Carolina. The gentlemen to whom the grant of land was made were called Lords Proprietors. They were the Earl of Clarendon, the Duke of Albemarle, the Earl of Craven, Lord John Berkeley, the Earl of Shaftesbury, Sir George Carteret, Sir John Colleton, and Sir William Berkeley. The province was to be called Carolina[1] in honor of the king. It was to be governed by a constitution drawn up by the Earl of Shaftesbury and the great philosopher John Locke. The eldest of the Lords Proprietors was to have the title of

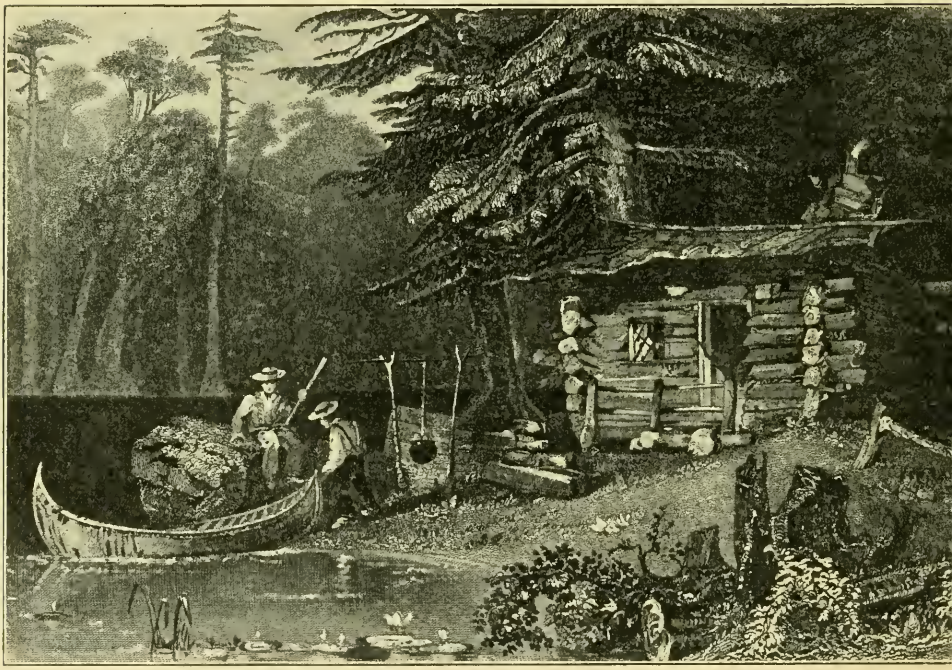
[1] From *Carolus*, the Latin name for Charles.

Palatine. Other titles of nobility were to be given to large landholders. The Proprietors made liberal promises in order to get suitable men for their settlements. They selected a good man, William Sayle, as governor of the province, and provided whatever was necessary in beginning life in a new land. Men of good families were thus induced to join the expedition to the New World.

In January, 1670, three hundred colonists sailed in their three ships for Port Royal. This was the site that had been chosen for the colony. But the Spaniards at St. Augustine, Florida, so threatened and annoyed them that Governor Sayle thought it best to remove his feeble colony from so bad neighbors. Accordingly, not long after the colonists landed, he took them to the west bank of the Ashley River. This place, however, proved unhealthful. In a few years they were again moved, this time to the mouth of the Ashley River, and placed on the east bank of the Ashley at its junc-

tion with the Cooper River. This settlement, which they named Charlestown, is now the city of Charleston.

A part of the country around was called Chicora. Its chief tribe of Indians, the Yam-



An Early Settler's Home.

assees, consisted of the Kussoes, the Edistoes, the Santees, and the Kiawhas.

Many of the younger sons of Englishmen were encouraged by the Lords Proprietors to

settle in the new land. They established themselves on large plantations in the country about Charleston. Some of these large landholders were given the title of Landgrave; others were given the title of Cacique. Their houses, like those of most early settlers, were built of logs. They were made massive and strong for defense against the Indians, and were well provided with arms and ammunition, for there was always danger of attack from these savages.

For a long time, however, the Indians were usually friendly toward the settlers. The whites, less and less on their guard, began to feel at home, and to enjoy the beautiful woods, the lovely waters, and the plentiful game. Traders to the up-country for furs often lived with the savages for months. The furs got from the Indians for blankets, beads, firearms, and liquor brought large sums of money in England.

But this happy condition of things did not

last. After a while the Indians, seeing the whole seacoast in possession of the English and the game less plentiful, became dissatisfied. Their discontent and gloom were increased by their growing habit of drunkenness, and by the fact that the whites no longer made them many presents. Added to all this, the Spaniards tried continually to stir up strife between the Indians and the English. They even promised Santee, chief of the Yamassees, to help him, if he would take the warpath against the English. A writer of that time says, "We gathered oysters with one hand and kept our arms in the other."

Up to this time there had been no great war with the Indians, though nearly fifty years had passed since the English had settled on the Ashley River. Now, however, the Yamassees suddenly attacked the planters, massacred several families, and destroyed the growing crops. Some families, warned by friendly Indians, were able to defend them-

selves, while some escaped to Charleston. But few were prepared to offer resistance.

It was fortunate that South Carolina now had the ready-witted, resolute Charles Craven for governor. He proclaimed martial law, allowed no able-bodied man to leave Charleston, and no provisions to be carried out of it. He then organized an army consisting of the citizens of the town, the men from the plantations, some friendly North Carolina Indians, and the negro slaves.

By the time he had done this, the Indians had pushed on almost to Charleston. But as they did not wish a pitched battle until the Spanish soldiers should come, they fell back until they were twenty miles or more from the town. Santee had as an adviser Chigilla, a Creek chief, who with a strong band of warriors had joined the Yamassees. He advised Santee to give battle. "I do not believe," he said, "that the Spaniards are coming. They have deceived us. But I be-

lieve we shall be victorious; let us fight, for the braves are getting restless."

In the meantime, while the Indians were thus busy, Governor Craven was not idle. Acting on the information brought by his well-trained scouts, he pitched his camp about a mile from that of the Indians. His main force lay in the hollow of a somewhat open wood, but a number of his best marksmen were hidden among some thick trees on the side of his tents next to the enemy.

At daybreak the Creeks and the Yamassees, giving the war whoop, ran forward, directing their shots at the English tents. With tomahawk in hand they rushed past the hidden marksmen, and upon the main force of Craven's men. The white men answered the savage war whoop with a wild yell, and followed this by firing on the Indians from the rear. The Indians were greatly surprised and disconcerted. One moment they wavered, but, made desperate

by the situation, they rallied and pressed on. Santee and Chigilla led them with shouts of encouragement.

Then the battle raged. The Yamassees, driven back on one side, turned fiercely to another. They fought madly. The death of Chigilla, so far from discouraging them, only increased their fury, and with a howl of frenzy they rushed forward to avenge him. The battle lasted two hours after the death of Chigilla. The white men fought with as great persistence as the Indians, and with far greater coolness. They followed their plan of battle, while the Indians were unable to follow their own, on account of the unexpected attack from the rear. Beaten back again and again, they turned and fled, the negroes pursuing them and killing even the wounded without mercy.

This battle established the supremacy of the whites in South Carolina. The Yamassees were never again a great tribe.

III. THE COMING OF THE HUGUENOTS

The persecution of the Protestants in France, which led Ribault to settle Port Royal, had grown more and more severe. To escape it, French families had from time to time come to the province of Carolina. The favorable reports sent back by them, together with the kindness of the English, encouraged others to follow their example.

In 1685, Charles II., king of England, sent over to the province at his own expense forty-five French refugees. This colony bought lands from the Santee Indians, and established themselves on the Cooper River. With these Indians they lived on terms of remarkable friendship.

In 1689, nineteen years after the founding of Charleston, one hundred and eighty families

of Huguenots came over from France, and settled on the Santee River.

More than fifty years later another colony of Huguenots settled in Carolina; this time, however, in the upper part of the state, in what is now Abbeville county. They called their settlement New Bordeaux.

The Huguenots were in every respect good citizens. Regarding Carolina as their home, they identified themselves with its people, and respected its laws. Although they were permitted to conduct their religious services in their own language till they could better learn the English language, they did not encourage their children to speak French.

No element of Carolina's population was more influential in the development of the state than the Huguenots. By their misfortunes and sufferings they were taught regard for the rights and feelings of others. Hence they made the best of friends and the kindest of neighbors. Temperate, orderly, and industrious, they man-

aged their affairs with such skill that they outstripped even the English in the making of fortunes. Although they had been brought up surrounded by luxury, they made their houses plain and their manner of living simple. At the same time they gave to the manners and customs of their new home the refinement and elegance that had belonged to their life in the Old World. This refinement has always been a mark of the best South Carolina society. Among the descendants of the Huguenots are many of the state's representative families, and many of the men distinguished for service to the state. For instance, Francis Marion, Henry Laurens, Hugh S. Legare, and James L. Petigru were of Huguenot descent.

IV. THE TRIALS OF THE IMMIGRANTS

Among the various sources from which we learn about the life of the early colonists, none are more vivid or interesting than family letters. Two of these, one by Judith Manigault to her brother, the other by Robert Witherspoon, are of much value. These letters give a good idea of the trials of the first settlers of the country, as well as telling what made the people of Europe leave their native land for one unknown.

Judith Manigault writes as follows: —

"During eight months we had suffered from the quartering of the soldiers on us, and many other hardships. We therefore resolved on quitting France, and did so at night, abandoning our furniture and leaving

the soldiers in our beds. We hid ourselves at Romans and Dauphiny while a search was made for us, but our hostess was faithful and did not betray us. We passed on to Lyons, to Metz, to Treves, to Holland, and to England, and then to Carolina.

"We suffered every kind of misfortune: the red fever broke out on the ship and many of our party died of it, among them our aged mother. We touched at the islands of Bermuda, where the vessel that carried us was seized. We spent all our money there, and it was with difficulty that we procured passage on another ship. New misfortunes awaited us in Carolina. At the end of eighteen months we lost our eldest brother from the unusual fatigue that all had to undergo. We endured all it was possible to endure. I was six months without tasting bread, working besides like a slave. For three or four years I never had enough food to satisfy the hunger that devoured me. And yet God

accomplished great things in our favor, giving us strength necessary to support these trials."

It is interesting to know that Gabriel Manigault, the son of this lady, became so rich that he lent two hundred and twenty thousand dollars to the Continental Congress to carry on the War for Independence.

About the middle of the eighteenth century, a new element was introduced into the population of Carolina. The Irish began to come in large numbers. Indeed, for a good while hardly a vessel entered the port of Charleston without bringing some of them. Robert Witherspoon, one of these Irish immigrants, in a letter dated 1734, says: —

"We went on shipboard the 14th of September. The second day of our sail my grandmother died, and we buried her in the ocean. We were sorely tossed at sea by storms that caused our ship to spring a leak;

the ship's pumps were kept constantly at work day and night. But it pleased God to bring us safe to land about the first of December."

Here follows an account of the setting out of the Irish for their new homes on the Santee River: —

"We landed in Charlestown three weeks before Christmas. We found the inhabitants very kind. We stayed in town till after Christmas. Then we were put on open boats, with tools and a year's provisions, and one still mill.[1] Each hand of sixteen years or over was allowed one ax, one broad hoe, and one narrow hoe. Our provisions were Indian corn, rice, wheaten flour, beef, pork, rum, and salt.

"We were much distressed by the passage on open boats. It was the dead of winter,

[1] A hand mill similar to a coffee mill, used for grinding coarse meal.

and day and night we were exposed to the severe weather. We were put out at Potatoe Ferry, where we stayed in a barn until our provisions and goods were carried to Kingstree. The men went up to see about making dirt houses for us to live in. The woods[1] were full of water, and the bitter cold was hard on the women and children.

"My mother and the children thought that when we came to the bluff where lived our friend, who had come out the year before, we should find a nice house of timber, with a fireplace. But there was nothing but a wilderness and a mean dirt house.

"My father gave us all the comfort he could, telling us more people would come, we should get all the trees cut down, and have houses near enough to see from one to the other. To add to our troubles, the fire we had brought from Big Swamp went out.[2]

[1] The swamps in which the low country abounded.

[2] This was before the invention of sulphur matches.

Father had heard that up the swamp was the *king's tree.*[1] Although there was no path, he followed up the swamp till he came to the branch, where he found Roger Gordon's house, and got some fire. When father left, we watched him as far as we could see him through the trees, and felt that we should never see him or any other living human being again. When evening came on, the wolves began to howl on all sides, and we were afraid of being devoured by the wild beasts. We had no gun, no dog, and no door to our hut, but we went to work picking up fuel to make a big fire by which to pass the night.

"We were much hindered getting our goods. There was no way to carry beds, chests, provisions, tools, and pots, but on the backs of men. There were no roads, and every family had to travel as they could.

[1] In the land grant all white pine trees were to be reserved for the king. The county town of Williamsburg thus received its name, *Kingstree.*

They had to follow swamps and branches as guides. Some of the men soon got to know the woods, and blazed paths through them. Our people were strong and healthy, and worked hard clearing fields and planting them for provisions for the next year. The range was so good that we had no need to feed cows and pigs.

"I remember the first thing my father got from the boat was his gun. He loaded the gun with some shot. One morning we were at breakfast when my mother cried out, 'Here is a great bear!' Mother and the children hid behind a chest and some barrels; father got his gun and shot the supposed bear. It proved to be a 'possum. The shot made it open its mouth and grin frightfully. Father wanted to shoot again, but had mislaid his shot. So he stayed penned up some time. Then he ventured out and killed the 'possum with a pole. In our first settling we had a great many anxieties. We were afraid

of being bitten by snakes, or torn by wild beasts, or massacred by the Indians, or of being lost and perishing in the woods."

The experiences related in these letters give us a glimpse of the life of the early settlers, but only a glimpse. It is almost impossible, in this day of safe and comfortable living, to understand fully the privations and perils to which our ancestors were subjected in their pioneer life. But we may well look back with pride on their courage in danger, and their fortitude under suffering. We admire the industry, the patience, and the resolution they showed at all times.

V. LANDGRAVE SMITH

In 1687 there came to Carolina a man who exercised a most important influence on its development. This was Thomas Smith, or Landgrave Smith, as he is known in the history of the state. He was an English gentleman who had previously lived some time on the island of Madagascar. He was not long in the colony before his ability and character began to give him prominence in public affairs. He was twice appointed governor of the province by the Lords Proprietors. Later he was made Landgrave, receiving at the same time the forty-eight thousand acres of land given with this title. Though not popular with the people, he was in more than one way the benefactor of the colony.

The introduction of the present jury system

of the state is said to be due to him. Up to his coming the sheriff selected the jurymen, but Landgrave Smith, knowing that this method gave opportunity to dishonest men to pack the jury,[1] undertook to change it. His plan was to place the names of all the freemen in a box, and from this a boy under ten years of age was to draw out, one by one, the names of twenty-four persons. From these names twelve men were selected to serve as the jury.

This much needed reform in the courts of justice was not the only improvement introduced by him into the colony. South Carolina owes to him the introduction of rice culture. While in Madagascar he had seen rice growing, and he felt sure that the soil and climate of Carolina were adapted to its growth.

Chance gave him the opportunity of test-

[1] To select men who are to decide in a way determined before the trial.

ing his belief. The captain of a vessel from Madagascar, putting into the port of Charleston for repairs, called on Landgrave Smith. The latter found the captain an old acquaintance; he returned the call, and spoke of his intention to try the cultivation of rice, if he could get the seed. The captain luckily had on board a small bag of rice, which he gave him. This the Landgrave sowed in his garden and cultivated with the greatest care. He saved every grain of the small crop, and distributed the seed among his friends for further experiment.

Landgrave Smith was said to be the father of twenty-two children. A man with so numerous a family might well be interested in a food product of so much value as rice.

Rice soon became the staple commodity of South Carolina. Before the end of the seventeenth century it was not only the chief export, but the source of great wealth to the colony. At one time a rice tax was levied

with which the colony met all public dues. In 1755, by the advice of Governor Glen, *rice orders* were made legal in payment of taxes and of debts of every kind. These orders

Rice Field.

could be used even in the purchase of land and of negro slaves.

The use of some substitute for banknotes was necessary and usual in the colonies before the establishment of banks. In Virginia this substitute was tobacco; in the New England

states, cattle; in some other states, wool; in South Carolina it was rice.

While the introduction of rice culture was of great advantage to Carolina, it was not an unmixed blessing. The swamp lands on which the grain had to be cultivated were so unhealthful that the white people could not work in them; they did not seem to hurt the negroes, however. This led to a large importation of negro slaves. Soon the blacks outnumbered the whites to such an extent that they were regarded as a menace to the safety of the community. Especially, as many of the slaves were dissatisfied and unhappy, there was danger of revolt.

But this was not the only trouble. The crops planted on swamp lands were often destroyed by freshets, entailing great loss on the planters. Every effort was made to protect the crops, but upwards of two hundred years passed before complete success was won and rice culture became possible under the most

profitable conditions. This success was won by Colonel Samuel Porcher. He built embankments on his plantation, like the dikes of Holland, for the protection of the land against the freshets.

All honor must be given to Colonel Porcher for laboring so hard under discouragement. His neighbors believed that he could not succeed, and ridiculed his efforts; but he did not lose heart or relax his efforts. He promised freedom to his driver (the negro foreman of the plantation), if he would do his best to forward the work. For thirty years, master, overseer, and driver worked steadily, putting every moment that could be spared from the other plantation work, to building up the embankments.

Before the War between the States, all along the coast of South Carolina and the islands fringing it were beautiful fields of rice, and Carolina rice was considered the finest in the world. Ditches were cut through the fields, and flood gates were provided by

which water could be let in or out at will. The best farm hand on the place was chosen to scatter the seed. The fields were then covered with water till the seed sprouted. The water was then drawn off, the crop hoed, and the fields were flooded again for two or three days in order to kill the grass. Thus with great care the plants were alternately hoed and overflowed. For about three months the water was kept on the fields most of the time, but was drawn off every few days for the purpose of letting in fresh water.

The disorder that followed the freeing of the negroes ruined many of the planters. However, the cultivation of rice on a profitable basis was resumed, and in 1899 South Carolina produced twenty-three million bushels. Artesian wells are now being used for irrigation, and the crop is no longer confined to the coast. At present rice is cultivated in the interior of the state as far up as Abbeville, Fairfield, and Spartanburg counties.

VI. THE REVOLUTION OF 1719 AND THE ROYAL GOVERNMENT

The Lords Proprietors, when they asked King Charles for their grant of land, said that they wished to make Christians of the heathen Indians. They promised also to build churches for the colonists, and castles and forts to protect the people. None of these promises were carried out. Indeed, their government was by no means satisfactory to the people, who felt that they had several grievances.

One of these grievances was the refusal of the Lords Proprietors to confirm the grants of land allotted by the Colonial Assembly to all who would settle in the up-country. These settlements would have been in every way helpful to the province. Another griev-

ance was that they took no sufficient measures to suppress the pirates who lay in wait for the ships coming and going between the province and Europe. These pirates robbed the ships and often destroyed them, and kept all travelers on the sea in continual terror.

In addition to these troubles, the men sent out as governors by the Lords Proprietors looked with contempt on the people whom they were to govern. They took no pains to understand the needs of the province, and, indeed, let things go pretty much as they would. These evils continued till the people, feeling them to be unbearable, in 1719 appealed to the king. They begged him to deprive the Lords Proprietors of their charter, and to appoint the colonial governors himself.

It is worthy of note that from their earliest existence as a community, the people of Carolina, like most of the colonists, have stoutly resisted injustice and oppression. On this occasion, however, there was difference of

opinion in regard to the wisdom of the appeal to the king. Some prominent men of the southern part of the province opposed the step. One of them, Colonel William Rhett, said, "If this thing is not nipped in the bud, the people will next set up against the king himself." Indeed, the people did that very thing when the king oppressed them. But we shall hear more of that later.

The people of the northern part of the province had not suffered so much from the neglect of the Lords Proprietors. Hence they used their influence against the appeal to the king. This difference of opinion finally led to the division of the province into North and South Carolina. The matter of the complaint against the Lords Proprietors was settled by the king buying back the province from them.

The troubles of this unhappy time were further increased by the negro slaves. There were now more negroes than white people in the southern province, and many of the ne-

groes were discontented. Besides, the Spaniards used every means and opportunity to incite them to revolt against their masters. They succeeded in a measure, for a number of the slaves determined to be free, banded themselves together, and attacked the white people. Several persons were killed, but Governor Bull called out the militia, and the insurrection was soon put down.

The first royal governors sent out were not much better than those sent by the Lords Proprietors. But in spite of bad government and other troubles, the colony grew, and with the coming of Governor Glen, entered upon a career of real prosperity.

VII. A NOTABLE COLONIAL DAME

In the time of the Lords Proprietors, Landgrave Smith, by the introduction of rice culture, gave to South Carolina a staple crop that proved a source of great wealth. In the time of the royal governors, Eliza Lucas, one of the most notable of colonial women, gave to the colony another source of wealth. This was the cultivation of indigo.

Miss Lucas was the daughter of George Lucas, an Englishman who, in 1738, came to Carolina for his wife's health. He bought a plantation, but soon after, having been appointed governor of Antigua, one of the West India Islands, he left for his new post. As his wife's health could not stand the West Indian climate, he left her and his daughters in Carolina.

Eliza, who was seventeen years old, seems to have been left in charge of everything. The success of her management proves her father's wisdom in putting her at the head of affairs. Fond of dress, society, and amusement, as was natural to one of her age, beauty, and station, yet she attended strictly to the duties of her position. She cared for her invalid mother, taught her sister, and conducted the business of the plantation.

Her letters of one hundred and fifty years ago have been preserved. We quote from one telling of her home and manner of life:

"We are," says she, "seventeen miles from Charlestown by land and six by water. There are six agreeable families around us, with whom we live in great harmony. I have a library, for my papa left me most of his books. My music and the garden take up the spare time that is not given to books. I have the business of three plantations to transact, which requires more writing and

fatigue than you can imagine; but by rising early I find that I can get through my business."

In another letter she tells that she gets up at five o'clock, and sees that the servants are at their tasks. Then, after breakfast, she has time to practice her music, study her French, instruct her little sister, and teach some little negroes how to read.

As the young girl was fond of Nature, and took special interest in the study of plants, her father often sent her, from Antigua, seeds with which to experiment. Among these was indigo.

The composition of dye colors was not known then as now, and dyestuffs were costly. Blue was a favorite color, and indigo was the prettiest, as well as the most unfading, blue. There was therefore promise of great profit if indigo could be successfully cultivated.

Eliza determined to undertake the task.

The first time, she sowed the seed too early, and the plants were killed by the frost; the next time, they were cut down by the boll-worms; in the third attempt, however, she succeeded. "I wrote to my father," she says, "of the pains I had taken to bring the indigo, ginger, cotton, lucerne, and cassava to perfection. I have more hope of the indigo than of the rest of the things."

The efforts of Miss Lucas with indigo were not ended when she succeeded in growing it. Extracting the juice and reducing it to a solid form was the next problem she had to solve. The process was tedious and required great care. Her father had sent out an expert indigo maker to instruct her, but the man purposely spoiled the dye. She had watched him closely through the whole process, and had seen that he did not act honestly. So she employed other help and tried again. This time she was rewarded with good indigo.

On the marriage of Miss Lucas to Judge Charles Pinckney, her father gave her as a bridal present all the indigo she had raised. She distributed the seed among her friends. Soon indigo culture was established in the colony, and in six years the product had become one of Carolina's exports.

Mrs. Pinckney was a woman of rare intelligence, culture, and energy. In her busy life she found the time to experiment in silk-raising. She was successful in this venture. When her husband was sent to England as commissioner of the colony, she had made enough raw silk to have woven four dresses. One of these she presented to King George; one to the Princess of Wales; one to Lord Chesterfield, who had been very kind to the colony; and the other she wore herself when she was presented at court. Her descendants still have this dress, which was exhibited at the Charleston Exposition in 1902.

Mrs. Pinckney had two sons, both of whom

were friends of Washington. One of them, General Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, declined the appointments offered him by Washington, first, that of Secretary of War, next, that of Secretary of State. He declined both because he thought he could be more useful to his state as a member of the legislature.

Mrs. Pinckney died in Philadelphia, where she had gone for a surgical operation. General Washington, at his own request, acted as one of her pallbearers.

VIII. THE CATAWBA INDIANS

The Catawba Indians were one of the most powerful tribes found by the whites in South Carolina. They were a handsome and noble race. From the beginning they were singularly friendly to the English, loyal to all obligations, and faithful to all treaties. They fought on the American side in the Revolutionary War, and in the War between the States a number of them were in the Confederate army.

According to tradition, they came from Canada, fighting many hostile tribes along the way, and conquering until they met the Cherokees in Carolina. These two tribes fought a bloody battle. It lasted from sunrise until dark. The loss on each side was heavy, but neither could claim a victory. The

next morning the opposing chiefs did the most sensible thing to be done. They smoked the pipe of peace and buried the hatchet, naming the Broad River as the future boundary between the two tribes. The Catawbas were to remain on the east side of the river, and the Cherokees on the west side.

This dividing line was, for the most part, strictly observed. But it is recorded that once a Catawba brave, in the excitement of the chase, followed a fine deer across the river, and was captured by some Cherokees. However, he killed seven of the Cherokees before he was taken. The next day he was, according to Indian custom, led out to torture before being put to death. This brave had no mind for either. He made a sudden dash, jumped into the river amid a shower of arrows, and, swimming like an otter, rising to the surface of the water only now and then to take breath, escaped to the opposite bank. When he had landed safe, he paused long

enough to make gestures of scorn and to shout defiance at his enemies; then he fled through the forest.

The Cherokees followed him, but as night came on and they were tired out by the chase, they lay down to sleep. The cunning Catawba was on the watch. He came back, killed his pursuers in their sleep, scalped them, and escaped again across the river. The next night he returned, dug up the seven Cherokees he had killed the first day, took off their scalps, and once more got away. A solemn council was then held by the Cherokees to decide what was best to do to protect themselves and to avenge their dead. It was concluded that the Catawba brave was a wizard, and that it was useless to pursue him.

As late as 1760 the Catawbas numbered three thousand warriors. They were very helpful as scouts during the Revolutionary War. After the war some base white men,

it is said, purposely introduced smallpox among them, in order to kill them off, and thus the more easily to get possession of their lands. They were successful, for the number of deaths was very great. The manner of treatment, undoubtedly, had much to do with the fatal effects of the disease. The Catawba doctors had but one treatment for all kinds of sickness. This remedy was known as the corn-sweat. Ears of corn, boiled in the shucks, were packed steaming hot about the patient. As soon as he broke out into a free perspiration, he was plunged into the river. As may be supposed, more frequently than otherwise it was a dead man, instead of a live man, that was taken out. Experience was, however, no teacher to the Catawba medicine man. Reliable accounts state that as many as twenty-five patients a day died under this treatment.

Hagler was the last chief of the Catawbas. He was a favorite with all the whites, and

especially with Governor Bull, the last royal governor of the province. He had from principle supported the cause of the colonists in the Revolutionary War. He was a fine specimen of manhood. Hagler was a fine marksman, a man of cool courage, of clear judgment, and, according to Indian ideas of morals, of fine integrity.

The chronicles of the time tell a story of Hagler that well illustrates the Indian idea of justice. A Frenchman, who taught the Indians dancing, was journeying through the Catawba country when he met a party of savages starting on a hunt. They asked him what was in the box he carried. It was a violin. Taking it from its case, he played for them some lively airs. One of them coveted the fiddle. After the Frenchman had parted from them, this Indian ran ahead of him, shot him from ambush, and took the fiddle.

Mr. Spratt, the first white man to settle among the Catawbas, and a friend of Hag-

ler, hearing of the murder, went with two other white men to ask the chief for justice. Hagler was out on a hunt, but the white men succeeded in finding him. He received them cordially, and to the question of Mr. Spratt, "Are we brothers?" he answered, "We are." They then shook hands, and Spratt told him of the murder. "Sit down," said Hagler; "justice shall be done."

The chief then carefully loaded his rifle, and blew a blast on his hunting horn to recall his men from the hunt. Taking his stand, he watched with eagle eye the paths approaching the top of the hill on which he stood. Presently an Indian came in sight, toiling up the steep with a deer on his shoulder. As soon as he came within range, Hagler, taking careful aim, fired, and the Indian fell dead in his tracks. Then Hagler, turning to Spratt, said, "Justice has been done; we are brothers again." It was the Indian's idea of justice that a life must

be given for a life, and that any life would answer the purpose. So it often happened, as in this case, that the guilty went unpunished and that the innocent were sacrificed. Mr. Spratt and his companions had to be satisfied with this idea of justice, though it did not agree with their own. But they appeared well pleased, and in token of friendship accepted the chief's invitation to dinner.

The meal consisted of sweet potatoes roasted in the ashes, and venison without salt, broiled on the coals. These were served on pine-bark plates. After the guests had eaten awhile, these plates were removed, and other pine-bark plates were brought in with venison and potatoes. This was repeated several times. It seems that Hagler had once dined with Governor Bull in Charleston, and that the dinner had been served in courses. He arranged his dinner in like style, to show his company that he was acquainted with the forms of good breeding, and could do the proper thing.

The burial of King Hagler, as he was often called, was one of the last rites attended with Indian pomp ever held by the Catawbas. "His grave," says the chronicle, "was ten feet long, ten feet wide, and ten feet deep. Into it were put his handsome silver-mounted rifle (a present from Governor Bull), a fine powder-flask, gold coins and silver coins, pipes, and tobacco. The grave, in fact, was within a few feet of being filled with the things it was thought Hagler might need in the happy hunting grounds. A guard of sixteen men was set to keep watch over the grave for a moon (four weeks). Some Virginia gamblers made the guard drunk and robbed the grave of its valuables."

Hagler died childless. A sister had married General Newriver, but she and her husband had both died of smallpox, leaving only one child, a girl. She was not more than ten years old at the time of Hagler's death. She was taken by a white settler into his family,

brought up with his children, and given the same advantages of education and training. This girl, the last of the royal family of the Catawbas, is a picturesque figure in their history. She remained with her foster-father until her eighteenth year; then she went back to her people to demand her rights as a princess. Sending for six Indian girls, the daughters of the most noted men of the tribe, she started on her mission. She was mounted on a jet-black Indian pony, and attended by the Indian maidens following in Indian file.

When she rode into the chief village, near King's Bolton, the Catawbas came out to greet her, receiving her with loud shouts. They gazed upon her with pride, made her a great feast, and fitted up for her a wigwam decorated with their finest skins, shells, and other ornaments. They gave her liberal rents as an income, but they would not give her the title of queen. They seemed to have acquired from their white neighbors a dislike for mon-

archy, for they flatly refused to have a crowned head as their ruler.

For the rest of her life, however, she made her home among them. She never married. As she was the last of the royal family, there was no equal with whom she could mate. She was too proud to marry either red man or white man of meaner birth than herself. Honored by the Indians, to whom she gave wise counsel, loved by the whites, respected by all, she lived to a great age.

A miserable remnant of the Catawbas still lingers in York county, on the river bearing their name. No longer in stream and forest can they find their food. The fish have almost disappeared from the rivers, and the farmer is plowing his fields where once rang the brave Catawba's hunting cry. They eke out a wretched living from the sale of pottery and baskets which they make, and the pittance paid them by the state.

It is said that although for years the Catawbas have understood the English language, and the missionaries have faithfully sought to teach them, very few of them have ever accepted the Christian religion.

IX. THE ARMCHAIR OF TUSTENUGGEE

A LEGEND OF THE CATAWBAS

October had set in, the leaves were falling, and the light-footed hunters of the Catawbas were about to set forth for the chase. The routes to be taken by the several bands were decided by the custom of the tribe, the stronger and more active men going to the hills or to the rivers for the brown wolf and the bear; the older and the weaker taking lighter duties. Some went alone, a few in twos, and others in groups. Among the twos were the warriors Conattee and Selonee. They were particularly attached to each other, and always followed the chase together.

Conattee was married, and his wife, Macourah, was the ugliest squaw and the greatest scold

in the tribe. He was a brave man and a fine hunter, but if he came home without game, the tongue of his squaw was heard from one end of the village to the other.

Selonee was not married. He was one of the handsomest young braves among the Catawbas, and his renown as a hunter was equal to that of Conattee. His lodge was never without meat, and he was considered the best wolf-taker in the tribe. Even the ill-tempered Macourah was fond of him, and her husband always found it pleasanter when Selonee went with him to his wigwam.

Early one October morning these two friends set out for a hunt on the Pacolet River. They sought a spot that for years had been known as the lair of the fierce brown wolves. Preparing their strongest shafts and sharpest flints, they plunged fearlessly into the thicket. They had not gone far before a wolf of enormous size started up in their path. Selonee shot, but his arrow, glancing against a tree,

was turned from its course and only slightly wounded the animal. With a howl it darted toward Conattee. A shaft from Conattee's bow struck it between the shoulders, but did not stop it. Dodging behind a tree to avoid the enraged beast, he let fly another arrow which struck the wolf's heart, and the brute leaping up fell into the river.

The Indian was unwilling to lose his game. He threw off his moccasins and buckskin shirt, laid his bow and arrows beside them, and calling to Selonee to take care of them all, plunged into the stream.

But Selonee had little time to heed Conattee. The she-wolf, hearing the cry of her mate, was rushing from her bed of leaves toward the young hunter. Five wolf cubs were around her. When she was within a short distance of the hunter, with a sweep of her paw she put them behind her, and stood with her fiery eyes fixed on the young brave. Selonee whistled shrilly as if to a dog, and

began to bark. Hearing these sounds the wolf turned, and Selonee sent an arrow into her neck. She leaped at him, but he saved himself by jumping behind a tree; he quickly aimed another shot, this time wounding her severely. It was an unequal fight for the wolf, attacking her enemy and protecting her young at the same time. Selonee, by sheltering himself behind trees, was able to put five arrows into her body without seriously exposing himself. The sixth arrow entered her eye. Then the Indian, running forward, picked up a piece of wood and struck one of the cubs. At this the mother rushed with open jaws upon him. When she was near enough, the watchful hunter thrust the piece of wood into her mouth and forced her backward. The cubs were snarling at his heels. He kept pushing the mother backward until he found his opportunity to stab her fatally.

The fight ended, he went back to the river at the point where Conattee had jumped in.

The things were as he had left them, but there was no sign of his friend. He shouted Conattee's name, but received no answer. Filled with alarm, he swam across the river to look for him. On the other side he found the carcass of the wolf and tracks of his friend, but these were all. Following for fifty yards the trail made by these footprints, he came to a crooked, gnarled old tree with a curiously twisted trunk. The tree was partly uprooted and bent nearly to the ground. Up to this point the footprints were distinct, but here they ended. There was no sign of an enemy's attack, nor was there anything to indicate what had become of him.

The disappearance was so strange that he felt sorely puzzled. Again and again he went over the ground between the river and the tree, but in vain. By this time night had come. Too perplexed and troubled to sleep, he lay and waited for the dawn that

he might renew the search. Next morning once more he crossed the river, and followed step by step the footprints, hoping yet to find some key to the mystery. When he reached the tree, he crawled under the sprawling limbs and into the hollow made by its uptorn roots, and shouted the name of Conattee. The echoes alone answered his shouts.

After three days spent in a fruitless search, he wearily tied the clothes and arms of the lost warrior on his shoulder, and turned in despair back to the Catawba village.

Only squaws and papooses and a few old men were there, for the hunters were still in the woods. When Selonee came in sight of his wigwam, he sat down with his back to the village. No one came to him or questioned him. At night when the braves returned, he called the men apart from the women and told his story.

"It is a strange tale the wolf-chief tells us," said one.

"It is a true tale," replied Selonee.

"Conattee was a brave chief," said another.

"Very brave, my father," answered Selonee.

"And had he not eyes to direct his steps?" asked a chief.

"The great bird that rises to the sun had not better," was the reply.

"What painted jay was it that said Conattee was a fool?" said still another chief.

"The painted bird lied, if he said so," was the response of Selonee.

Then Emathia, the head chief of the tribe, spoke: "And comes Selonee, the wolf-chief, to us with the tale that Conattee was blind and could not see? A coward that could not strike the he-wolf? A fool that knew not where to set down his foot? And shall we not say that Selonee lies upon his brother, even as the painted bird that makes a noise in my ears? Selonee has slain Conattee with his knife. See, it is the blood of Conattee upon the war shirt of Selonee."

"It is the blood of the wolf," cried the young warrior, with indignation.

"Let Selonee," replied the chief, "go to the woods behind the lodges till the chiefs say what shall be done to him, because of Conattee whom he slew."

"Selonee will go as Emathia, the wise chief, has commanded," replied the young warrior. "He will wait till the chiefs have spoken; if they say he must die because of Conattee, it is well. Selonee laughs at death. But the blood of Conattee is not on the war shirt of Selonee; he has said it is the blood of the mother wolf." Then he drew forth the skin of the wolf he had slain, and the ears he had cut off the cubs. He put them down before the men, and without another word went away.

There was no doubt in the minds of the council of chiefs that Selonee had killed Conattee. It was determined, however, to give him two weeks to find the lost man.

It was with gloomy feelings that the young man went forth on a search he felt to be hopeless. As he expected, the two weeks passed and brought him no tidings, no trace, of Conattee. Going back to the village, he took his seat before the council to receive his doom. When it was spoken, he untied his arrows, loosened his belt, and rose to his feet.

"It is well," he said. "The chiefs have spoken; the wolf-chief does not tremble. Fathers, I have slain the deer and the wolf; I have slain the Cherokee until the scalps are about my knees when I walk; I have had victories; there is a deed for every arrow in my quiver. Bid the young men get their bows ready; let them put a broad stone on their arrows that they may quickly take my life. I will show my people how to die."

When he had finished speaking, they led him forth to death. Standing by his grave, he recited his victories and gave to each warrior an arrow to keep in remembrance of

his deeds. A solemn stillness reigned over the scene. Suddenly the stillness was broken by the shrill voice of the wife of Conattee. Darting through the crowd with a peeled switch in her hand, she struck Selonee over the shoulders, saying: —

"Come, thou dog, thou shalt not die! Thou shalt lie in the doorway of Conattee, and bring venison for his wife!"

A murmur arose from the crowd. "She hath the right; she hath chosen Selonee for her husband," said they. The widow had, indeed, done what was permitted by Indian rule. Smartly striking Selonee on the shoulders, she repeated her command for him to follow.

"Thou wilt take this dog to thy lodge, Macourah?" demanded the old chief.

"Have I not said?" shouted the scold. "Hear you not? The dog is mine; I bid him follow me."

"Is there no friendly arrow to seek my

heart?" cried the unhappy Selonee. And even the enemies of the young warrior pitied his fate as Macourah led him away.

Macourah had found a substitute for her husband quite to her taste, but Conattee was not so far away as she thought. He had caught the dead wolf as it drifted down the stream, taken it to shore, scalped and skinned it, when he heard a noise in the wood. Eager for more game he went toward the sound. He saw nothing but a curiously twisted pine tree half bent to the ground. He concluded that some beast might be hiding under its roots. He crawled under the gnarled prongs and prostrate branches, but saw no sign of any animal. Wearied he sat down on the tree to rest. To his horror two huge limbs curled over his legs, others covered his arms, and all so quickly that he could not escape. He was soon covered by the bark and moss. He tried to move, but could not stir a limb; he tried to scream, but could not make a

sound. Then he knew that the Gray Demon had caught him, and that he was bound in the Armchair of Tustenuggee.

His only hope was that Selonee might understand, and cut off the limbs and split the bark enfolding him. But this hope died out when he saw his friend's fruitless search around and around where he was imprisoned. His terror was increased when the Gray Demon said mockingly, "Your only chance, Conattee, is for some one to sit in your lap—some one you are willing to leave behind with me."

Conattee, imprisoned in the Armchair of Tustenuggee was not more unhappy than his friend Selonee. The day in the wigwam with Macourah was hopelessly wretched. When they were alone, she treated him with great affection, but this was even more disagreeable to him than her loud scolding had been. Unless he could find Conattee, there was no hope for him. He resolved to search the for-

est once more for his friend, and never to return unless he found him.

Having made this decision, he hurried from the wigwam. Macourah saw him, and guessing his purpose, hurried after him to bring him back. Strong, and fleet of foot, she followed his trail rapidly, but it was a day and a half before she overtook him. When Selonee heard Macourah's voice calling him, he was surprised. But he stopped until she came up; then he told her of his resolve to look again for Conattee.

At first she scolded him, then she began to lash him with her willow switch. On the day before, he had borne this in the presence of the tribe, because the law of the Catawbas bound him to do so; but now he turned and left her. Hardy, accustomed to the forest, and the swiftest of runners, he soon left her behind, and Macourah found her pursuit wearisome.

Selonee continued his flight till he reached the curious old tree. Here he again renewed

his search for Conattee. He was coming from beneath the roots and branches when he caught sight of Macourah, now close upon him. In a moment he was out of sight.

"I can go no farther," cried the tired woman. "A curse on Selonee! A curse on Conattee! In losing one I have lost both. As for Selonee, may the One-eyed Witch of Tustenuggee take him for her dog." So saying, she seated herself on the green moss that formed the lap of Conattee. No sooner had she sat down than the branches relaxed their hold on him, and began to wrap themselves around her.

Conattee, finding himself free, ran away as fast as he could. Macourah recognized her husband, and tried to release herself in order to follow him, but the Gray Demon held her fast. She tried to cry out, but her tongue was tied by the rough tendrils of the demon-tree, and she could no longer curse and scold as of old.

Conattee soon found Selonee, and together they made their way back to the Catawba village. No one cared for the disappearance of Macourah. Only Conattee knew that she was firmly seated in the Armchair of Tustenuggee. And he kept the secret.

X. THE CHEROKEES

The Cherokees once owned large territory in the most beautiful part of upper South Carolina. They were handsome and brave, but fierce and treacherous, and the whites could not depend on their professions of friendship. Yet the Indians were not wholly to blame for the numerous wars which took place between the two races. The introduction of rum and the consequent drunkenness caused many of the troubles. The Indians were exceedingly quarrelsome when drinking. An old Indian put the case truly when, apologizing for some misconduct, he said that there were three persons concerned in the difficulty — himself, the other man, and rum.

Rum was, however, but one of the several causes of the bad blood between the

Cherokees and the whites of Carolina. The Spanish at Fort Augustine and the French at Mobile continually stirred up strife between them, hoping to profit by the discord. Besides, the trade relations of the Indians and the whites were ever a fruitful source of ill-feeling. The trade in furs and skins was a source of wealth to the province, and there were fixed rules for conducting this trade. All values were fixed so as to prevent cheating. For instance, Indians and white men knew that a gun was worth thirty-five bearskins or deerskins; a pair of scissors, one skin; a yard of cloth, eight skins. But despite this, misunderstandings and quarrels arose. In England the skins and furs sold for several times what the Indians got for them, but they did not know this. The troubles between the Indians and the whites were the result of disputes between individuals, and not of any general grievance.

After a long and bitter war with the

Cherokees, the royal authorities were anxious to secure a lasting peace. In 1730 they sent Sir Alexander Cumming as commissioner to visit their chief towns, confer with the heads of the tribes, carry gifts, and propose an alliance.

Sir Alexander was a large, pompous man, and he took with him a number of attendants. All were dressed in fine clothes, in order to impress the savages with his dignity and importance. It was three hundred miles from Charleston to Keowee, the chief Cherokee town. The way was mostly through the woods, but the journey was safely made. The commissioner was received by the Indians with marks of esteem. The chief men were dressed in their best cloaks of fine bearskin, necklaces and bracelets of shells, and headdresses of feathers. Loving finery as they did, the glittering lace on the red coats of the white men, the lofty plumes in their hats, and the gay trappings of their horses, excited great admiration.

For all the chiefs Sir Alexander had presents of articles to please their tastes. They gave in return five eagle tails, symbols of the nation's glory; and four scalps of their enemies, proofs of their bravery in war. To these they added peace-gifts of corn, flesh, and fruit.

There were thirty-two in the council assembled for the occasion, and a great deal of high-sounding talk was indulged in. One chief, Moytoy, or Black Warrior, was especially pleasing to Sir Alexander. He asked in the name of the English king that Moytoy should be made king of the Cherokees. To this the other chiefs agreed, and the English presented him with an elegant robe to wear on state occasions.

Sir Alexander proposed that some of the chiefs should go with him to England. "Your brother George," he said, speaking of the king of England, "will be glad to see you. He will load you with presents — hatchets, knives, rich clothes, and beautiful

feathers. He will bind his heart to you with a bright gold chain which will last a thousand years." "He is our brother," returned the chiefs. "We will go to see our brother George."

Dazzled by the fine promises, and ignorant of the length and hardships of a voyage across the Atlantic, the Indians were eager to go. Six of them threw their bearskins across their shoulders, filled their quivers with fresh arrows, kissed the sunny side of the tree under which the council was held, and started with Sir Alexander for Charleston. Before they had gone far a seventh joined them. The oldest chief that went was Sonestoi. He was a great warrior, a good man, and a person noted in the nation for his wisdom.

In May the party started for England. The poor Indians suffered dreadfully from seasickness, but they were too brave to complain. They tried to amuse themselves and to

forget their misery. A pet monkey on board, the first they had ever seen, was a source of great interest. The younger men thought it below their dignity to show much amusement at its antics. But Sonestoi thought his character so well established that a little unbending would not hurt his dignity. He took endless delight in the monkey's pranks, and would laugh heartily as he watched them. He named the monkey *Hickswackimaw*, or the warrior with a tail. Sir Alexander thought the old chief was too much occupied with the little animal. So one day he caught it up to throw it overboard, but the look of anger in Sonestoi's face stopped him.

When the Cherokees arrived in London, a great display was made over them. Wherever they went a crowd collected to see them, and a special reception was given them by the king. At this reception lords and ladies were gayly dressed, and everything was done

to impress the Indians with the splendor and power of the English.

Sir Alexander wished to instruct Skijagustah, the Cherokee orator, in court manners, and to tell him what to say to the king. But Skijagustah drew himself up proudly, and wrapped his bearskin around him with a haughty gesture, and said: —

"Skijagustah is the great mouth of the Cherokees. He has stood before his nation when Keowee, the Real Arrow, was there. His words are good." Then he turned scornfully away from his would-be tutor. The interpreter tried to explain about court ceremonies, but the Cherokee was offended at being taught manners by a paleface. Sir Alexander had to leave him to his own devices.

When the Indians entered the presence chamber, the king sat in the chair of state, ready to receive them. Sonestoi was in advance of the others. The king arose and

put out his hand for Sonestoi to kiss, but to the dismay of the courtiers, the old chief took the king's hand in his, and gave it a hearty good shake. As he did so, he spoke in broken English: —

"How you do, brudder George? how you do? Glad to see you." Then looking around on the ladies of the court, with a good-natured grin he continued, "You hab plenty of squaw, brudder George." The court stood aghast at this breach of manners, but the king, as he withdrew his hand from the grasp of the chief, smiled good-naturedly and seemed much amused.

A treaty was then made, which was to be lasting. So they worded it, "as long as the rivers shall run; as long as the mountains shall stand." Then a noble gave to each Indian a rich present. The king, taking a long gold chain from his own neck and putting it around Sonestoi's, left the room. Sonestoi's part in the ceremony being done,

he drew back, and Skijagustah made an eloquent speech.

"Your people," he said, "shall build near ours with safety; the Cherokees shall hurt them not; they shall not hurt anything that belongs to your people. Are we not children of one father? Shall we not live and die together?" Pausing, he took from one of the Indians a bunch of eagle feathers, and gave them to the English secretary. As he did so, he said: "This is our way of talking; it is the same thing to us as your letters in your book are to you. These feathers from the strong bird of the Cherokees shall stand for the truth of what I have said."

In September the Cherokees set sail for Charleston. On the way the old chief Sonestoi grew ill. Getting no better as the days passed, he knew himself to be dying, and called for his arrows. "Bring me my arrows, Skijagustah," he said. "Bring me my arrows, young braves of the Cherokees; the arrows shall speak for

my victories." As he drew them one by one from the quiver, he told the history of each: —

"This arrow," he said, "I had when a boy; I used it in my first battle when my father took me on the warpath against the Chickasaws. This one I had when I escaped from the Shawnees. They took me prisoner as I was hunting. And this one I had when I fought the Creeks, and was made a chief for my bravery." Thus he sang of his triumphs, the others listening with reverence and admiration. As he finished his death song, Skijagustah took the arrows and carefully tied them together. When at sunset the old chief died, the arrows were placed on his breast, and remained there till the next day. Before burying him in the sea, they were taken off to be carried back to the nation; for it was the custom of the Cherokees to keep the arrows of their great warriors to recall their deeds.

Some years after the return of the Cherokees, another outbreak occurred. This time a treaty was arranged by Alexander Stewart, a trader. He gave a golden chain to Attakullakulla, the great chief of the Cherokees, and one of those who had visited England. As he gave it he said, "I fasten this to the breast of the Cherokee wise man, and it binds our friendship. The English and the Indians must be as the children of one family." We have seen that fine speeches had not preserved peace; nor had the giving of gold chains bound the races by very secure ties. But this treaty was an exception. It was faithfully kept by the Cherokees. In the war between the English and the French in America (1755–1759) they fought bravely on the English side.

As they were returning from Canada after the war, however, some of the young warriors stole horses in Virginia. The Virginians, instead of appealing to the Cherokee chiefs to

adjust the matter, took it into their own hands, and killed a number of the Indians. The Indians retaliated by murdering all the whites they could find. Having, according to their notions, thus taken proper vengeance, they went to Charleston to signify their readiness for peace. But Governor Lyttleton held the peace envoys as prisoners, and demanded that the twenty-four men concerned in the murders should be put to death.

Attakullakulla, the chief, was indignant at the treatment of his messengers, but another treaty was made. Still the tribe were angry over what they considered the unfairness of the whites, and would not keep the treaty. They went on the warpath, and, surprising the defenseless settlements, massacred men, women, and children.

Among the sufferers in this massacre were several members of the Calhoun family, from which John C. Calhoun, the noted statesman, came. The Calhouns and several other

families had recently moved from another part of South Carolina to what is now Abbeville county. Hearing of the Indian outbreak, they started for Augusta, Georgia, the nearest point of safety for the women and children. Camping at the roadside for the night, they were overtaken by the Indians, and about fifty of them killed. Mrs. Patrick Calhoun was among the number killed. Two of William Calhoun's little daughters were captured. One was rescued, but the other was never again heard of.

The whites were so enraged by these horrors that they took up arms at once, determined this time to teach the Indians a lesson they should never forget. They reduced to ashes the Indian towns and villages in the Keowee valley. They destroyed the fields of corn, and drove the Indians into the forests. The Cherokees were completely humbled, and begged for peace.

Old Attakullakulla, who had done his best

to keep his braves from the warpath, said: "I am come to see what can be done for my people. They are in great distress. As to what has happened, I believe it has been ordered by the Great Master. He is the father of the whites and of the Indians. As we all live in one land, let us live as one people." His petition was granted. Peace was made, and the Cherokees remained in their own territory until the Revolutionary War, without further outbreak.

An Indian War Dance.

XI. A STORY OF INDIAN WARFARE

At the beginning of the Revolutionary War, the Cherokee Indians espoused the British cause, and took the warpath against the colonists. In the summer of 1776, a battalion composed mostly of York men was ordered out against them. Under the command of Major Frank Ross, the soldiers started for the Keowee country.

At the Blockhouse, the residence of Colonel Height, a trader, in the northeastern part of what is now Greenville county, they learned of the Indian outrages. The savages had killed Colonel Height, pillaged the settlement, and captured Mrs. Height and her two daughters.

At the same time the whites were told of the death of Colonel Height's son, who had gone to the Cherokee villages with the hope of inducing the Indians not to take the warpath. From boyhood he had been on friendly terms with the chiefs of the tribes, and he went on his mission of peace without fear. A fatal mission it was. The war spirit was raging so wildly among the Indians, that they not only refused to listen to him, but barbarously murdered the young man who had gone so confidingly into their midst.

Very soon after the murder of young Height, the Cherokees started out to destroy all the white settlements of Carolina not oc-

cupied by the Tories. Their first halt was at the house of another trader, situated where the town of Greenville now is. The trader's name was Parris, and as he was a Tory, they considered him a friend. They told him of young Height's murder, and of their intention to kill Colonel Height and destroy his property.

Susan Parris, the daughter of the trader, was engaged to be married to young Height, and it was thus that she had the first news of his murder. She was almost crushed by the terrible shock, but putting aside her grief, she set to work to save her threatened friends. She knew that she must work alone, for, on account of her father's sympathy with the British, she could not expect any help from him.

She quickly made up her mind what to do. As soon as it was dark, she secretly took a horse from the stable, mounted it, and hurried through the forest, hoping to

reach Colonel Height's house in time to save the family. The Indians, however, missing the horse from the stable and suspecting her design, got there ahead of her. When she reached Colonel Height's, she found his lifeless form and the ashes of his home.

Hearing all this, Major Ross marched rapidly, hoping to rescue Mrs. Height and her daughters, whom the savages had carried off with them. There was great indignation against Parris, and some talk of killing him. But the brave effort of the daughter to save the Heights, and their sympathy for her, caused the soldiers to leave her father unharmed.

Joined later by General Williamson, with twelve or fifteen hundred men, Major Ross advanced as fast as possible toward the Keowee towns. With his advance guard of one hundred and fifty men, were twenty-five Catawba Indians. These, knowing the forests well, and being familiar with the methods of

savage warfare, acted as scouts. As there was always danger of an ambuscade, the scouts took every precaution against surprise. Especially were they particular to examine the tallest trees, to see whether they had been recently climbed. For it was customary with the southern Indians to have *climbers* to watch the enemy, as well as *runners* to carry the news.

The advance guard came in its march to a cove, where the trampled weeds and pea-vines showed that the enemy could not be far off. The Catawbas advised a halt to wait for the main body of the troops. The impatient whites would not heed this counsel, but pressed on. A short distance farther on they found such unmistakable signs of the enemy, that the Catawbas refused to proceed till the rest of the army should join them.

Despite this, some of the whites wished to go on, but the captain of the force was unwilling to take such a risk. At this juncture

a young French volunteer, St. Julien, cried out, "I will lead, if the rest will follow;" and the march continued.

In silence, with arms trailed, they went in single file up the mountain side covered with pea-vines and grass higher than a man's head. Suddenly there was the report of a gun, and the rash but brave St. Julien fell dead. Then followed a quick succession of shots and wild yells, as the Cherokees broke from their hiding places. The whites, in their confusion, left the trail, and ran helter-skelter through the tangle of grass and pea-vines.

The Cherokees, seeing their foes running and rolling pellmell down the mountain, thought they must be severely wounded, and rushed to take their scalps, for which the British government was offering a guinea apiece. Major Ross was among those who rolled to the bottom of the slope, and he found himself in a ravine, where he was attacked by an Indian. Ross was a strong

man. The Indian was less muscular, but he was greased till he was as slippery as an eel, and as he was naked, Ross found it difficult to hold him. After fighting awhile both lost their weapons, and the savage was about to get the advantage, when a soldier came up, and knocked him down. Ross fell also, for a blow on the head from the Indian's tomahawk had hurt him badly.

By this time the Cherokees had given up the pursuit. The whites, bruised, wearied, and disheartened, gathered around the wounded Ross, who thought himself fatally injured. When the surgeon examined him, however, he said: "Pooh! Ross, you can talk. Now, if you can bite, your head is not broken, and you'll not die." With that he thrust his finger into the officer's mouth, who bit it so vigorously that the old surgeon roared to be released. There was a smile all around at the evidence of the major's satisfactory condition. Ross himself, feeling much better,

was helped to his feet, and walked to where his wounded enemy was lying. The Indian, though in the agonies of death, scowled defiance at him.

When the main body of troops came up, all started in pursuit of the Cherokees, but with greater caution. From the first Keowee town they reached, everybody had fled except one old squaw. After destroying the town and the crops, they set forth again.

Putting the old squaw on an Indian pony, they ordered her to guide them to the nearest village. They promised to release her if she did their bidding, but threatened her with death if she deceived them. The squaw smiled with contempt at their promises and threats, and they felt themselves in unsafe hands.

Twilight found them only a short distance from the village where the Cherokees had assembled, but night came on before they reached it. Darkness caught them in narrow

passes, among fallen trees and steep rocks. They were sure that the squaw had misled them. Since it was impossible for them to go on, they halted for the night, their arms in their hands ready for use, in case of attack. All through the night they could plainly see the enemy's fires, and hear the Indian yells. Late in the night they heard the wailing and screaming of a woman. This made the men desperate, for it was impossible to give the help they knew to be needed.

At the first glimmer of dawn they pushed on, and by sunrise had reached the village. It was deserted. But the corpse of the ill-fated Mrs. Height lay not far from the fire, around which, during the night, the cruel savages had danced their war-dance. A soldier drew off his coat and threw it over the body. The next day they buried the poor woman near the scene of her death.

A few days longer they pursued the savages, but not overtaking them, they turned

homeward, destroying all Indian villages and crops along their way.

Not long after this outbreak the Cherokees begged for peace. It was granted, but they were made to give up all their land in South Carolina. From this land were made the counties of Greenville, Anderson, Pickens, and Oconee.

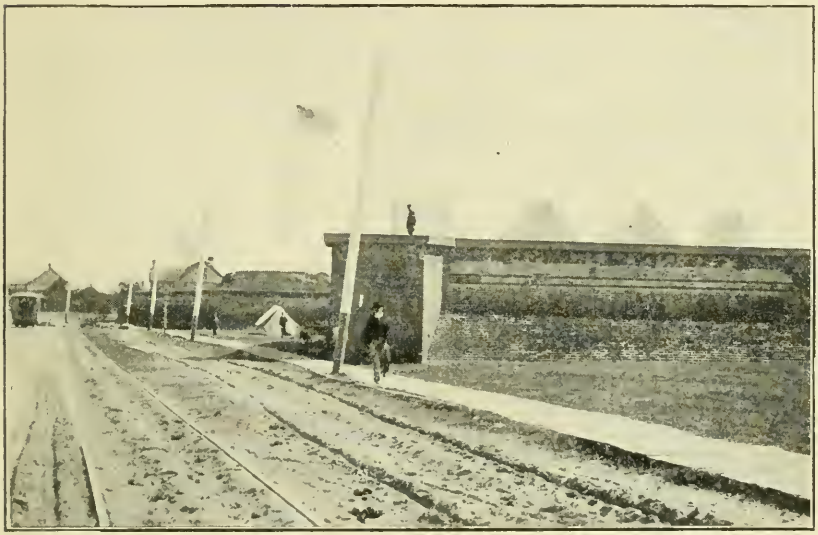
The daughters of Colonel Height were sold from one tribe to another till they reached the Mississippi River. Fortunately a French trader met them there. He bought them from the Indians and sent them to their kinspeople in South Carolina, five years after the massacre of their friends.

XII. THE BATTLE OF FORT MOULTRIE

HOW SOUTH CAROLINA WON THE NAME OF THE PALMETTO STATE

South Carolina took an active part in resisting the Tea Act and the Stamp Act by which England laid certain taxes on the American colonies. In 1774 the British government shut up the port of Boston to punish that city for throwing a shipload of tea into the harbor. South Carolina sent to Boston, in this time of distress, a relief fund that had been collected throughout the colony. Charleston sent a larger amount than any other place, even more than any Massachusetts town sent. The people of Charleston had refused to let the tea be landed and sold, though they afterward permitted it to be landed, and packed in cellars to rot.

Before the Declaration of Independence was signed in July, 1776, war was actually being carried on against the colonies. In June, 1776, a fleet under Sir Peter Parker,



Fort Moultrie, as seen from the Land Side.

having on board an army commanded by General Clinton, appeared off Charleston.

Four miles from the city, on the north side of the harbor, lies Sullivan's Island, about five miles long. There was a fort on it, but in an unfinished state. The fort was built of palmetto logs laid one upon another,

in two parallel rows sixteen feet apart, the spaces between the rows being filled with sand. The logs were notched into one another at the corners, and strengthened by pieces of timber fastened crosswise. The walls were ten feet high above the platforms of brick on the inside. The fort was finished only in front, or the southeast side. On the other three sides the walls were only about seven feet high.

The eastern end of the island had an exposed point where it was believed the enemy would try to land. General Charles Lee, who commanded the American forces, was so doubtful, or rather hopeless, of being able to hold the position, that he was inclined to withdraw his army. Governor Rutledge insisted that the defense should be attempted.

The fort was in command of Colonel William Moultrie, while Colonel Thompson was posted at the exposed point of land to oppose the landing of the British.

Governor Rutledge and Colonel Moultrie were confident of victory in spite of General Lee's doubts. Captain Lampriere, a brave sea-captain, said to Moultrie, "When these ships come to lie alongside your fort, they'll knock it down in half an hour." Moultrie replied, "Then we shall lie behind the ruins, and prevent the men from landing." Colonel Moultrie says in his *Memoirs:* "I was never uneasy, for I could not imagine that the enemy could force me to retreat. I considered myself able to defend the post." The spirit of Colonel Thompson was equally unyielding.

General Moultrie.

The enemy's fleet was composed of two fifty-gun ships, five frigates, and four other vessels. In all they carried two hundred and seventy guns. General Clinton had two thousand British regulars, with two schooners and a flotilla to protect their landing.

The British began the engagement by opening fire upon the fort in order to draw its fire, while Clinton attempted to land at the point where Colonel Thompson was posted. Colonel Thompson had a redoubt, the foundation of which was brick; it was built up as high as the men's heads with palmetto logs. He had only two small cannon, but his rangers were back-country men, and very fine marksmen with their rifles. He was himself from Orangeburg and was said to be the finest rifle-shot in the regiment.

Clinton's men attempted to land, but the water was too deep to ford, and it was unsafe to run the vessels into shallower water. The flotilla gave them but little protection, and

Colonel Thompson began to fire on them. Not one of Thompson's men had before fired a cannon, and the men were very much amused with the grapeshot. It was a new experience to them to put a pocketful of bullets into their enemy at every fire, for they never supposed that they could miss aim. Every discharge of the cannon by the Carolinians raked the decks of the flotilla, and the rifles cut down the ranks of Clinton's men. After repeated attempts to reach the desired landing-point, the British were forced to give up and retreat.

Colonel Moultrie in his half-finished fort was carrying on an equally gallant fight. He had only twenty-five cannon, a limited supply of powder, and was himself more than half sick, suffering all day great physical pain. Still he never lost heart. "We'll beat them," he repeated again and again. His men stood firmly to their guns, taking deliberate aim. The troops were undaunted. One man, Sergeant McDaniel, cruelly mangled by a cannon

ball, said to his comrades as he was dying, "Fight on, my brave boys; don't let Liberty expire with me to-day."

General Lee came over from Charleston to the fort. The spirit maintained by the garrison made him more hopeful. "I see you are doing well here. You have no need for me; I shall go up to town again." And through a line of fire, as he had come, he returned to Charleston.

The log fort proved a safe defense. Palmetto is a soft wood, and the cannon of that day had only enough force to bury the balls in the spongy logs.

The flag which had been raised on the ramparts of the fort had a blue ground with a white crescent and the word *Liberty* on it. Early in the action the flagstaff was shot away. Sergeant Jasper leaped over the wall to the beach amid the hottest fire from the warships, grasped the fallen standard, climbed the merlon, and deliberately restored the flag to

its place. Then he gave three cheers of defiance, and went back to the fort. His comrades watched him in breathless anxiety, and as he climbed down into the fort, cheer after cheer fell on his ears. The next day Governor Rutledge gave to Jasper his own sword in recognition of the brave act.

The British ships suffered severely, but the powder in the fort ran low. Governor Rutledge sent Moultrie five hundred pounds with the message, "Do not make too free with your cannon — keep cool and do mischief."

The firing continued until seven o'clock, when it slackened; at half past nine it ceased. At eleven the war-ships of Great Britain slipped their cables and silently withdrew. The battle of Fort Moultrie was the first decisive American victory of the War for Independence. The blood of Carolinians only was spilled. The palmetto-log fort defended by Carolinians has given to South Carolina the name of the Palmetto State.

Christopher Gadsden.

XIII. CHRISTOPHER GADSDEN

A PRIME MOVER IN THE REVOLUTION

Bancroft says: "Be it remembered that the blessing of the Union is due to the warm-heartedness of South Carolina, and when we count up those who, above all others, contributed to the great result, we are to name

the inspired madman, James Otis, and the great statesman — the magnanimous, faultless lover of his country, Christopher Gadsden."

Christopher Gadsden was the son of a retired officer of the British Navy. He was born in Charleston, and at an early age went to England for his education. He became a distinguished linguist, and on his return to the colony he entered commercial life.

"Whatever he undertook, he pursued with such energy that he made of it a success." He amassed wealth very rapidly, and bought back a large tract of land which his father had lost in gambling with Lord Anson, when the latter was the father's guest.

Gadsden was a many-sided man, and did not allow his private business to engage his mind to the exclusion of public affairs. He was always full of schemes for the good of the people, as well as for his own interests. He believed in the people, and in the people's fitness to govern themselves.

In 1759, when Governor Lyttleton made his expedition against the Cherokees, Gadsden at once raised a company of artillery. This was the first ever organized in South Carolina, and was long known in the state as the Ancient Battalion of Artillery. Gadsen was born an aristocrat, but by principle was a republican. His generous nature, high character, and great talents drew to him as followers many stanch mechanics.

Under the Liberty Tree, as the great live-oak which stood in one of the suburbs of Charleston was called, Gadsden spoke again and again. When the direct tax was laid on the colonies by Great Britain, he made this indignant protest, "No man in Great Britain can legally demand of one in America a sum of money which he does not owe, and never agreed to pay!" His eloquence, as that of Patrick Henry in Virginia, moved the hearts of those who listened. Gadsden knew that the colony was not prepared for war — that

the time for separation from the mother-country had not come.

When the stamps were brought to Charleston, no man could be found to take the office of receiver. The stamps were placed in Fort Johnson, which was a strong fort, but poorly guarded. "At night," says Johnson, in his *Traditions*, "one hundred and fifty citizens organized, armed themselves, and went in open boats at night to the fort. They took possession of the stamps, manned the fort, loaded the cannon, hoisted the flag, and when day came were prepared to fight." [1] The captain of the war-ship which brought the stamps was informed that, unless he pledged himself to take them off and not to land any in America, every stamp would be destroyed. The promise was given, and the hated stamps were got rid of. Gadsden did not object to the course pursued, and probably gave his assistance.

[1] This story about Fort Johnson is discredited by some good authorities.

In February, 1765, in the Assembly of South Carolina, Gadsden was the first to advocate the independence of the colonies. When, in the same year, Massachusetts called a convention to meet in New York to consider the Stamp Act, four colonies did not send delegates. It was chiefly through the influence of Gadsden that South Carolina responded to the call. And in that convention his voice was for the natural rights of freemen.

Later it was proposed to pay for the tea destroyed at Boston. "No," thundered Gadsden, "don't pay for an ounce of their accursed tea!"

In the Continental Congress he was a delegate full of courage that defied danger. Lavish of his means for public ends, he contended that no rice should be exported, although he knew that such a course would sacrifice his individual fortune.

He was a member of Congress in 1776, but

was recalled to Charleston to take command of his company of artillery in the defense of the town; therefore he was not a signer of the Declaration of Independence. The news of the Declaration did not reach Charleston until the very last day of July. It was on the fifth of August that the event was celebrated. A procession composed of the military companies, the Freemasons, the mayor, the aldermen, bands of music, and citizens, marched to the Liberty Tree. The ceremonies opened with prayer, the Declaration was read, the cannon were fired, the people huzzaed, and the Rev. Mr. Perry made an address. It was very hot weather, and a black servant stood near the speaker, holding an umbrella over him and fanning him. A wit who belonged to the Royalists, thus wrote: —

"Good Mr. Parson, it is not quite civil,
To be preaching rebellion thus fanned by the devil."

When Charleston was besieged by Prevost in 1779, it was proposed to surrender the

town. Gadsden was then lieutenant-governor. In the absence of Governor Rutledge, Gadsden hotly opposed surrender, and so delayed negotiations that the British withdrew in the belief that reinforcements for the Americans were near. In 1780 the town did capitulate to Clinton. Gadsden was among those who were paroled.

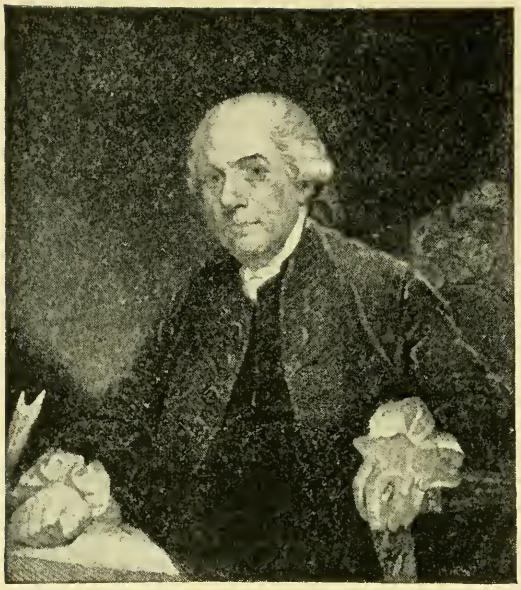
A few months afterwards, without any provocation he, with fifty or sixty others, was arrested and sent to St. Augustine. Before leaving the ship the prisoners were brought up on deck, and asked by the captain to give a fresh parole. All but Gadsden did so; he indignantly refused. "With men who have once deceived me, I shall enter into no new contract. Without a shadow of accusation against me I am exiled, and I shall give no parole." "Think of it better, sir," said the officer; "a second refusal will fix your doom; a dungeon will be your habitation." "Prepare it, then," said the sturdy patriot; "I shall give no parole, so help

Charleston in 1780.

me God." He was thrown into a dungeon, and for nearly a year was not once allowed to see the light of day, and was allowed no intercourse with his fellow prisoners. He was finally exchanged and returned home.

When, after the war, it was proposed to confiscate the property of the Loyalists, Gadsden opposed the measure. He was also opposed to exiling the Loyalists.

He served in several conventions after the Revolution. He was elected governor, but declined to serve on account of age and infirmity. At his death, which occurred when he was more than eighty years old, he was buried in St. Philip's churchyard, in Charleston. His request was that his grave should be leveled to the ground and left unmarked.



Henry Laurens.

XIV. HENRY LAURENS

The first national Thanksgiving in America was held at the suggestion of Henry Laurens of South Carolina. It was when he was president of the Continental Congress during the Revolution. The president of the Continental Congress was then the executive head of the nation.

The arms of the colonies had met with many reverses, and when the news of the surrender of Burgoyne came, Mr. Laurens, in a glow of

delight, appointed a committee to draft a proclamation for a national Thanksgiving. Richard Henry Lee prepared it "in beautiful English of most religious sentiment," says a writer. The proclamation was sent to each of the colonial governors, with a personal letter from Mr. Laurens. The letter was dated November 1, 1777, and December 18th was to be the day observed. It took so long to get the proclamation to all the governors, that the day had to be set several weeks ahead.

Laurens was an intimate friend of Christopher Gadsden. He was of a Huguenot family, and was educated in England. When the trouble with the mother-country came, he was at the head of a large commercial house in Charleston. He came in contact with all classes of people, and his great personal magnetism attached to him all who came in contact with him. He could adapt himself to old or young, and could be good company for grave

men, gay men, men of business, or men of leisure.

His orderly habits and his energy were widely known. "The sun, when it got up, in winter or in summer, never found him in bed." It was said of him that he worked so hard himself, that all who were associated with him were ashamed not to do so.

In 1774 Mr. Laurens was in London. He was one of the thirty Americans who presented a petition to Parliament against the passage of the Boston Port Bill. He used all the influence he could command to check Great Britain's arbitrary measures against the colonies. When forced to believe that nothing could be done, Mr. Laurens came back to South Carolina. He was not hopeful. He did not believe the colonies could win independence, but he felt that their cause was a just one, and he joined his life and fortune to theirs. He thus wrote to a friend: "I have been a faithful subject of England, but the Ministers

are deaf, and bent on provoking an unnecessary contest. I now go to labor for peace, but I shall stand or fall with my country."

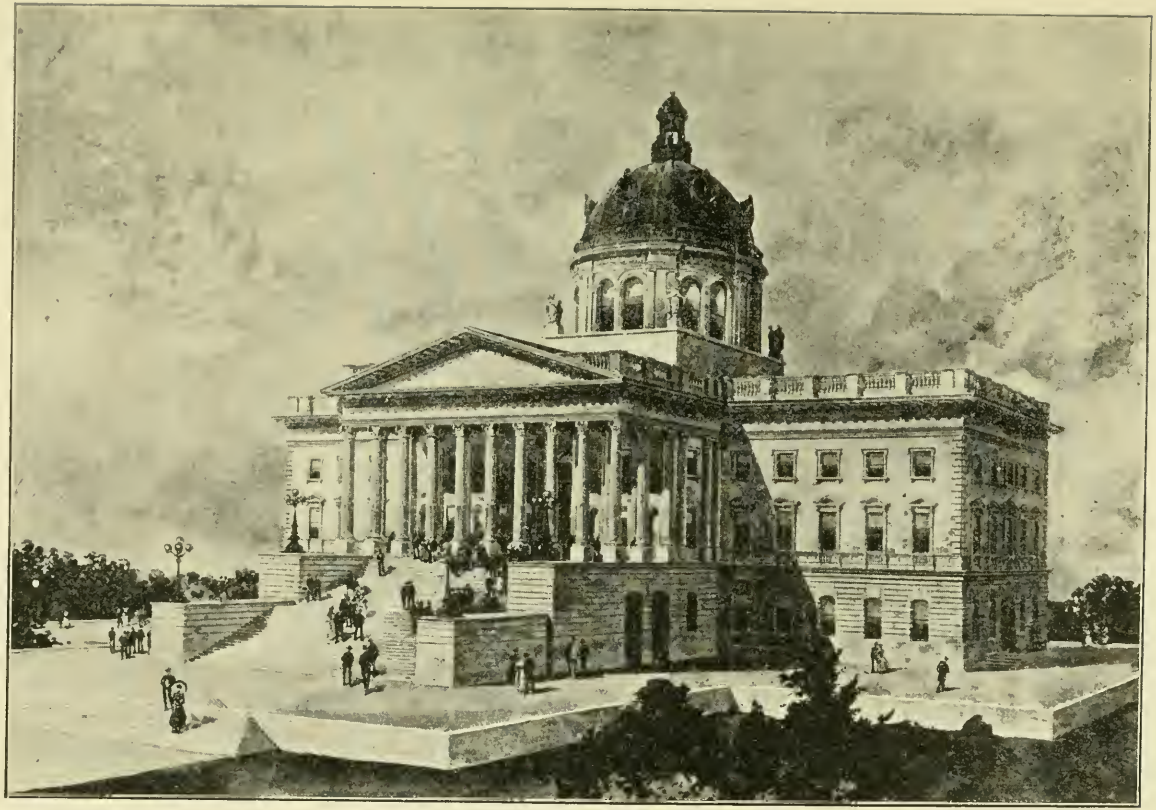
Mr. Laurens was made president of the Provincial Congress of South Carolina before the colonies had united in a confederation. He was one of the delegates to the first Continental Congress, and was a signer of the Declaration of Independence. He was elected president of the Continental Congress on the resignation of Samuel Adams. He resigned this post to undertake a mission from the colonies to Holland. This was to make a commercial treaty with the Netherlands. The vessel on which he sailed was seized by a British frigate. Mr. Laurens threw his official papers overboard, but an English sailor jumped into the water and recovered them. In consequence of what these papers revealed a declaration of war against Holland was made by England.

Mr. Laurens was imprisoned in the Tower

of London. His treatment was very similar to that received by his friend Christopher Gadsden at St. Augustine. He was not allowed the use of writing material, and was treated with great indignity. He was offered a free pardon several times, if he would give up the American cause. His health was broken down by the hardships which he was suffering, but he declined every offer. "I shall never subscribe," he said, "to my own infamy and the dishonor of my children."

Mr. Laurens was told of the surrender of Charleston, assured of the hopelessness of the American cause, and offered pardon if he would serve the British Ministry. He would not yield. Then he was threatened with the confiscation of his large estates. "None of these things move me" was his quiet answer.

The wardens of the Tower asked Mr. Laurens to pay for their attendance on him. With a dry humor, not relished by the war-



State Capitol, Columbia.

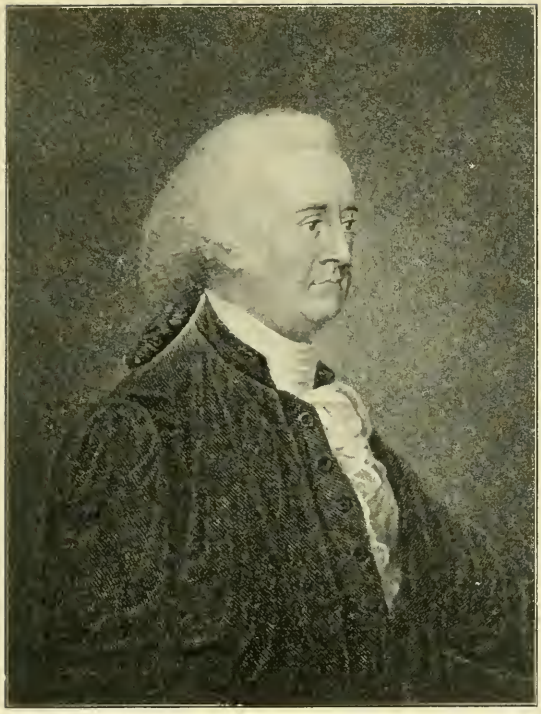
dens, he said: "I never asked the attendance of the wardens. I should be very glad to dispense with their services, and I decline to pay for them."

The surrender of Cornwallis led to the release of Laurens in exchange for that officer. He was at once requested by the American government to go to Paris to meet Adams, Jay, and Franklin, to sign the preliminary treaty of peace between England and the United States.

Just at the close of the war John Laurens, the eldest son of Henry Laurens, was killed in a skirmish on the coast of South Carolina. The father was already a prematurely aged man from his long confinement and the hardships he had undergone in the Tower. The death of his son broke his heart. South Carolina offered him every honor in the gift of the people, but he declined to serve again in any office.

By his will, his son was directed to have

the father's body wrapped in twelve yards of cloth coated with resin, and then burned. This is one of the earliest instances of cremation in the United States.



John Rutledge.

XV. JOHN RUTLEDGE

THE DICTATOR

A well-known historian of the United States says: "No national movement was made in the beginning of our government, where the name of Rutledge was not found."

There were five brothers — sons of a widow — John, Edward, Hugh, Andrew, and Thomas.

The most distinguished of the five was John, who was also the eldest. He was sent to England to be educated. After graduation he studied law, and was entered as a student at the Temple in London. He was licensed as a barrister, and returned to South Carolina fifteen years before the adoption of the Declaration of Independence.

In his first case "he astonished the court and the jury." At once he was placed, by the judgment of the people, at the head of his profession. He was overrun with work, for he was not only a man of great eloquence, but a profound lawyer.

At first he clung loyally to the British government. But in 1764, when the royal governor, Thomas Boone, refused to allow Christopher Gadsden to qualify in the Assembly, Rutledge gave vent to his indignation in a burst of moving eloquence. From that moment he believed that the colonies should battle for their rights.

In the congress called by Massachusetts to meet in New York, a historian says of him, "The brilliancy of his genius, the boldness of his ideas, the variety of his information, the beauty and power of his diction, made the deepest impression on the body." This congress was composed of the leading men of each colony represented. Patrick Henry was asked, on his return home, who he thought were the greatest men in the congress. "If you speak of eloquence," he answered, "John Rutledge of South Carolina; he was the greatest orator. But for sound judgment, George Washington." The business men of the congress were notably John Adams and John Rutledge.

To recount the services of Rutledge to South Carolina would be to write the story of the Revolution in the colony. In 1778 he resigned the governorship, but a year later was re-elected, and was given so unlimited powers that he was called the Dictator. It

should be remembered that he never for one moment abused this great power.

When, after the fall of Charleston, South Carolina was overrun by the enemy, he showed his claim to statesmanship. He offered a free pardon to all who had been Loyalists, but would now enlist for six months in defense of their homes.

His resource was displayed in getting out this proclamation of pardon. He could get no type for printing it. The only presses were in Charleston, and in the hands of the enemy. In the command of General Marion was a gunsmith named McElroy. Rutledge sent for him, and told him he wished him to make some type. The man had never seen any. But Rutledge explained so clearly, and described so exactly, what was wanted, that McElroy knew what to do. He got a number of pewter basins, pewter spoons, and pewter plates; then he went to work melting the metal and forming the type, which served

the purpose. Rutledge got the proclamation printed, and sent it broadcast through the province. Many men, exasperated by British oppression and Tory cruelty, came into the patriot ranks and helped to turn the fortunes of war.

After the formation of the Union, Rutledge was made one of the associate justices of the Supreme Court of the United States. Later he was made chief justice of South Carolina. In 1795 he was appointed chief justice of the United States, but his appointment was never confirmed by the Senate. Soon his brain, overworked in the public service, became clouded. Before he reached the age of sixty the great John Rutledge became as a little child in mind, and remained so until his death, in 1800.

XVI. RAWLINS LOWNDES

THE FIRST NULLIFIER

Fiery, daring, stern, autocratic old Rawlins Lowndes stands out in bold relief on the canvas in the picture of South Carolina.

He was a judge in the province of South Carolina under the Royal government. At the time of the Stamp Act, the chief justice of the province held that the use of stamped paper was necessary for legal documents. Lowndes declared that stamped paper was not necessary to make a document legal. He supported this view by an elaborately written paper. He advised resistance to the Stamp Act, and urged that action should be taken by the Assembly of the province to nullify this act of the British Parliament.

At first he opposed the Declaration of Independence, but finally supported it. When in 1778 John Rutledge resigned the governorship of South Carolina, Rawlins Lowndes was elected his successor. For a year he administered public affairs with ability. After his term as governor had expired, he was elected a member of the General Assembly. After the province had been partly recovered from the British and the Tories, the General Assembly was called to meet at Jacksonboro. The object of the meeting was to restore the confidence of the people in the authorities of the colony.

All of Mr. Lowndes's horses had been taken by the Tories. Besides, he was now suffering from the gout, and could not ride on horseback. The resolute old man had six oxen hitched to his high coach, and then set out in it for Jacksonboro. His great granddaughter draws a very amusing picture of the old man as he meets Mrs. Horry on the way.

The oxen are plodding along in a zigzag way from one side of the road to the other, the coach swinging back and forth, and half a dozen negro drivers alongside the oxen are shouting to them and prodding them. Mr. Lowndes, with his powdered head stuck out of the coach window, is apologizing profusely to Mrs. Horry for being in her way and obstructing the road. After all, his progress was so slow that the Assembly reprimanded him for not being punctual. He answered that he had come as fast as he could, and that he could prove it by Mrs. Horry, whom he had met on the way.

In the legislature Lowndes bitterly opposed calling a convention to adopt the Constitution of the United States. Ten men, among them his old friends, Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, Christopher Gadsden, and John Rutledge, battled against him. At last, in protest, he said: "The only epitaph which I ask to be written on my tomb shall be, 'Here lies a

man who opposed the Constitution of the United States, because it is dangerous to the liberties of America.'" He was a man of marked character and a devoted patriot.

He was married three times. The first wife, whose name was Amarintha, lived a very short time after her marriage, but her memory did not fade. As a very old man he gave to his youngest child, the son of his third wife, a silver waiter. With the gift he said: "It was Amarintha's. If you ever have a daughter, name her Amarintha, and give it to her." This son was the eminent William Lowndes.

Francis Marion.

XVII. FRANCIS MARION

THE SWAMP FOX OF CAROLINA

The victory of Fort Moultrie relieved South Carolina for three years from warfare within her own borders. But in 1779 the British under Prevost invested Charleston, and but for American reinforcements the town

would have been taken. In 1780 the town was besieged, and fell after resisting nearly two months. The American forces, together with many citizens, were made prisoners. Sixty prominent men, after being paroled, were arrested and sent to St. Augustine, Florida, as prisoners of war.

The British were anything but generous. They demanded that every man must bear arms for the king, or be classed as a rebel. The British dragoons and the Tories went through the country plundering, and committing outrages of almost every conceivable kind. No atrocities were too great to be committed by the British soldiers when they overran South Carolina. Quantities of silver plate were carried off. Several families lost each from five hundred to two thousand dollars' worth. Negroes by hundreds were shipped to the West Indies, and sold to the planters on the islands. Horses were taken, and stock was wantonly killed. The most

senseless indignities were offered in the desecration of sacred things. Ministers of the gospel were insulted — even murdered; Bibles were burned; and churches were used for stables. Cruelty in battle amounted to brutal massacre. Quarter was refused to men after surrender.

In the upper part of the colony many persons had not taken sides in the war before the fall of Charleston. But the injustice of the British demands, and the breach of faith with those who had been paroled in Charleston, made these men of upper Carolina hesitate no longer. These outrages roused the people, and under the leadership of Francis Marion, Thomas Sumter, and Andrew Pickens, men banded themselves together to fight for their homes, their firesides, and their liberty. Without these patriot leaders of South Carolina and their followers, the independence of the colonies would never have been gained.

By a strange accident Marion was not

among those who surrendered in Charleston. During the siege there was a dinner to which he was invited. According to a custom then observed, after dinner the dining-room door was locked to compel all the guests to stay to drink toasts. Often the men drank too much. Marion did not approve of the custom, and to avoid drinking, went quietly to a window and jumped out into the street. The dining-room was on the second floor, and in alighting he broke his ankle. He was carried to his country home, and was absent from the town when the other patriots were captured. As soon as he was able to use his foot, he gathered a small band of men to fight the Royalists.

Francis Marion was the son of one of the Huguenots. He was born in Berkeley county in 1732 — the year in which Washington was born. As a man, he was small of size and ugly, but brave and watchful. Before the fall of Charleston he had had some military

experience. He had served in the war against the Cherokees, and was an officer at the battle of Fort Moultrie.

In Berkeley county and the surrounding section there were many swamps. Most of them were uncleared and very hard to get through or even to enter. Marion and his men knew these swamps well and how to get through them. They would hide in them; then, when least looked for, come out suddenly and attack the British; then vanish into the thickets of cypress and pine, where the enemy were afraid to follow. His scouts had devised signals known only to their band. They would hoot like an owl, scream like a panther, or chatter like a squirrel. In this way they could give information of the enemy — their numbers and position — without being seen.

Marion and his band offered for a time the only resistance met with in South Carolina by the British after the fall of Charleston. It was

a strange-looking band which he led. Marion himself is described as wearing a round-bodied crimson jacket, made of coarse cloth, and a leather cap with a silver crescent. Sometimes not more than twenty men and boys (some of them negroes) made up his troop. They were armed with any weapons which they could lay their hands on.

His men were often allowed to go home to look after their families and their crops. But when there was a good opportunity to attack the enemy, they came to camp at the call of their leader. Then, perhaps with a hundred men, he would pounce upon the British. He was cautious when necessary, but daring when he could profit by boldness. Without excitement he would go into a desperate venture; then coolly withdraw his men if he saw that success was dubious.

Tarleton, a British colonel of dragoons, was sent to capture Marion. Tarleton was worn out by his failures in various plans to

seize him. He gave up the chase, saying, "We'll never catch the plaguy swamp-fox; the devil himself couldn't do it."

The country from Camden to the seacoast, between the Pee Dee and the Santee rivers, was the field of his exploits. In the recesses of a swamp Marion had a camp called Snow Island Camp. In it he stored any provisions, arms, or goods which he could secure. This was his headquarters. An anecdote is told of a British officer who was sent to Marion to treat for the exchange of some prisoners. After the business was transacted, Marion courteously asked the officer to take dinner. All that the patriots had to eat was sweet potatoes roasted in the ashes. "Surely," said the officer, "this is not your usual fare." "Yes," replied Marion, with a smile, "and, as we have company for dinner, we are lucky to have a larger supply than usual." The story runs that the officer went back and resigned from the British army, declaring that men

who suffered such privations cheerfully could never be conquered.

Francis Marion was one of the most fascinating characters of the Revolution. His gentleness toward the enemy when the latter were in his power denoted his noble character. Instead of imitating the cruelty of Tarleton, he used his influence always for mercy toward the prisoners, whether they were English or Tories.

When the war was over, he was elected a member of the state legislature, and there he voted against confiscating the property of the Royalists. A bill was offered that Marion, Sumter, and Pickens, as military commanders, should not be held legally responsible for any property which they might have impressed during the war. In the debate Marion said, "I am friendly to the bill; I think it right and just; but I ask that my name be expunged from the bill." After a pause he added: "If I at any time have given occasion

for complaint, I am ready to answer in property and person. If I have wronged any man, I wish to make restitution."

After the war General Marion married, and lived in St. John's, Berkeley. He had no children. He was not an old man when he died, being only sixty-three years of age. A few days before his death he said, "Death may be to others a leap in the dark, but I rather consider it a resting-place, where old age may throw off its burdens." His last words were, "I thank God that since I came to man's estate I have never intentionally done wrong to any."

"Francis Marion's soul was his country's; his pride, the rigid observance of her laws; his ambition, to defend her rights, and preserve unspotted her honor and her fame. It would have been as easy to turn the sun from his course as Marion from the path of honor."

XVIII. McDONALD'S RAID

GEORGETOWN was in the hands of the British and was garrisoned by three hundred soldiers. Sergeant McDonald was one of Marion's men. With a force of only four troopers he made a raid through Georgetown. It was one of the most daring deeds of the Revolution.

I

I remember it well; 'twas a morn dull and gray,
And the legion lay idle and listless that day.
A thin drizzle of rain piercing chill to the soul,
And with not a spare bumper to brighten the bowl,
When McDonald arose, and unsheathing his blade,
Cried, "Who'll back me, brave comrades? I'm hot for a raid.
Let the carbines be loaded, and the war-harness ring,
Then swift death to the redcoats, and down with the king!"

II

We leaped up at his summons, all eager and bright,
To our finger-tips thrilling to join him in fight;
Yet he chose from our number four men, and no more.
"Stalwart brothers," quoth he, "you'll be strong as fourscore,
If you'll follow me fast wheresoever I lead,
With keen sword and true pistol, stanch heart and bold steed.
Let the carbines be loaded, the bridle-bits ring,
Then swift death to the redcoats, and down with the king!"

III

In a trice we were mounted; McDonald's tall form
Seated firm in the saddle, his face like a storm
When the clouds on Ben-Lomond[1] hang heavy and dark,
And the red veins of lightning pulse hot through the dark;
His left hand on his sword-belt, his right lifted free,
With a touch from the spurred heel, a touch from the knee,
His lithe Arab was off like an eagle on wing —
"Ha! death, death to the redcoats, and down with the king!"

[1] A mountain of Scotland.

IV

'Twas three leagues to the town, where, in insolent pride
Of their disciplined numbers, their works strong and wide,
The big Britons, oblivious of warfare and arms,
A soft *dolce* were wrapped in, not dreaming of harms,
When fierce yells, as if borne on some fiend-ridden rout,
With strange cheer after cheer, are heard echoing without,
Over which, like the blast of ten trumpeters, ring
"Death, death to the redcoats, and down with the king!"

V

Such a tumult we raised with steel, hoof-stroke and shout,
That the foemen made straight for their inmost redoubt;
And therein, with pale lips and cowed spirits, quoth they,
"Lord, the whole rebel army assaults us to-day.
Are the works, think you, strong? God of heaven, what a din!
'Tis the front wall besieged — have the rebels rushed in?

It must be; for, hark! hark to that jubilant ring
Of 'Death to the redcoats, and down with the king!'"

VI

Meanwhile, through the town like a whirlwind we sped,
And ere long be assured that our broadswords were red;
And the ground here and there by an ominous stain
Showed how the stark soldier beside it was slain:
A fat sergeant-major, who yawed like a goose,
With his waddling bow-legs, and his trappings all loose,
By one back-handed blow the McDonald cuts down,
To the shoulder-blade cleaving him sheer through the crown,
And the last words that greet his dim consciousness ring
With "Death, death to the redcoats, and down with the king!"

VII

Having cleared all the street — not an enemy left
Whose heart was unpierced, or whose head-piece uncleft,
What should we do next, but — as careless and calm
As if we were scenting a summer morn's balm

'Mid a land of pure peace — just serenely drop down
On a few constant friends who still stopped in the town.
What a welcome they gave us! One dear little thing, —
As I kissed her sweet lips, did I dream of the king? —

VIII

Of the king or his minions? No; war and its scars
Seemed as distant just then as the fierce front of Mars
From a love-girdled earth; but, alack! on our bliss,
On the close clasp of arms and kiss showering on kiss,
Broke the rude bruit of battle, the rush thick and fast
Of the Britons made 'ware of our rash ruse at last;
So we haste to our coursers, yet flying, we fling
The old watch-words abroad, "Down with the red-coats and king!"

IX

As we scampered pell-mell o'er the hard beaten track
We had traversed that morn, we glanced momently back,

And beheld their earth-works all compassed in flame:
With a vile plunge and hiss the huge musket-balls came,
And the soil was plowed up, and the space 'twixt the trees
Seemed to hum with the war-song of Brobdingnag bees;
Yet above them, beyond them, victoriously ring
The shouts, "Death to the redcoats, and down with the king!"

X

Ah! that was a feat, lads, to boast of! What men
Like you weaklings to-day had durst cope with us then?
Though I say it, who should not, I am ready to vow
I'd o'ermatch a half score of your fops even now—
The poor puny prigs, mincing up, mincing down,
Through the whole wasted day the thronged streets of the town:
Why, their dainty white necks 'twere but pastime to wring—
Ay! my muscles are firm still; I fought 'gainst the king.

General Sumter.

XIX. THOMAS SUMTER

THE GAMECOCK OF CAROLINA

Thomas Sumter was by birth a Virginian. In early manhood he had fought against the French and the Indians. He had been sent as a commissioner to the Cherokee Indians, and had gone with the chiefs on an embassy to England, in 1762. After his return he married in South Carolina, and settled in the colony.

At the beginning of the Revolution he joined the American side, and was at the battle of Fort Moultrie as a lieutenant-colonel. A year

later great family afflictions caused him to resign from the army. He remained at home until the British began to overrun South Carolina. As was the case with General Marion, this was most fortunate for the American cause, as Sumter too thus escaped capture at the fall of Charleston.

After its fall the outrages committed by Tarleton's men and other British troops fired Sumter's soul afresh. Governor Rutledge had withdrawn to North Carolina for safety; Sumter went to him and offered his services. The governor eagerly commissioned him to return to South Carolina to raise what troops he could to resist the British and the Tories. From that time until the war was over, Sumter devoted himself to the service of his country in her struggles for independence. By his personal character he attached to himself a set of resolute men. These men had banded themselves together under Thomas, Brandon, Lacey, Bratton and others, who gladly acknowledged Sumter

as their leader. Determined to gain success, he risked his own life and the lives of his associates. His attacks on the enemy were impetuous, almost rash, but he often gained what a cautious man would not have attempted.

Unlike Marion he lost fights, but he was not discouraged, and was just as eager for another fight when an opportunity was given. On account of this unyielding pluck, Tarleton nicknamed him the Gamecock of Carolina. He was a large man — heroic and stern — six feet two inches in height, and weighing two hundred and fifty pounds.

The tall backwoodsmen who came into his ranks were described as men "ready to scalp an Indian, to hug a bear, to fight the fiercest Tories or best equipped British dragoons." It is no wonder that Cornwallis called Sumter the "greatest plague" of the British army.

A good story is told of the recruiting of men for his service. One of Sumter's favorite colonels was Edward Lacey of York county.

Sumter sent him out for recruits, telling him to bring in within three days one hundred and fifty men. Lacey chose three men to help him, and separately they went out into the by-ways of York, Chester, Lancaster, and Fairfield. A meeting place for the third day had been agreed upon. Nearly every man and boy in these counties had been found ready to unhitch his horse from the plow, pick up an old musket, rifle, or reaping-hook, and join Sumter's mounted infantry.

When Lacey and his men met at the place appointed, the full number desired had been gathered. It was a hot day, and Lacey wished to keep up the spirits of the recruits for the long ride to Sumter's camp. He announced that when they reached Mobley's Meeting-house he would halt, and let all dismount and rest for half an hour. Mobley's was about fifteen miles away — near Winnsboro. When he got there, he found a barrel of whisky, which he bought, rolled into the road, knocked the head

out, and told the men to help themselves. It was a scramble to get drinking vessels, but the men managed to help themselves liberally. *Boots and saddles* sounded, and the band rode off in gay spirits.

From the top of the next hill Lacey saw the red coats of a troop of British at some distance. He knew that his men were not ready for a fight, and was just about to give the order to turn into the woods, when an Irishman saw the enemy. "Redcoats, colonel!" he shouted. "By Saint Patrick, we'll give them a clatter!" He dashed forward, followed recklessly by the full band — too full of Dutch courage[1] to realize their danger.

Lacey was on a fine horse, and galloped on ahead to share the danger of the men for whom he felt responsible. At the foot of the hill they were out of sight of the British. The quick wit of Lacey took advantage of this to save his party. He turned his horse into a cross-

[1] Bravery inspired by liquor.

road. "This way, boys!" he shouted as he galloped on. "This way; the British are just ahead!" The men were not sober enough to detect his trick, and they followed him at full gait. Lacey did not slacken rein until he rode into camp and reported to Sumter.

The general laughed heartily. "Well done, Lacey! Tell the commissary to give your men a good supper — double rations, but no more whisky to-night."

One of the hardest fights in which Sumter engaged was at Blackstock in Union county. Blackstock was a large tobacco-house built near Tyger River. Between the house and the river was a hill, and near by thick brush-wood.

General Sumter knew of the approach of Tarleton, and had posted his men to the best advantage. It was late in the afternoon when Tarleton began his attack. He made a rapid charge through a field upon the patriots who were in view. But Lacey's men were hidden

from the British by the woods in which they were stationed, and they fired on the advancing enemy. Twenty of the British fell, and about as many horses were killed. Tarleton's cavalry were afraid to attack the men in the woods, so they pressed forward through the lane. They fell so thick from the sharp fire of the men in ambush that the dead and dying fairly blocked the road. The Americans who were in the tobacco-house shot through the cracks between the logs. Tarleton so sorely beset fell back, but re-formed his men and returned to the charge. The fire of Sumter's men, however, continued so deadly that Tarleton had again to retreat. Some of the Americans pursued him and captured thirty horses.

Sumter, while leading his men in action, was severely wounded in the shoulder. He quietly asked an aid to put his sword into its scabbard. "Don't let the men know," he said. "Ask Colonel Twiggs to take command."

He called a man to lead his horse, and withdrew without being observed.

Great courage was General Sumter's leading characteristic. He was not afraid of responsibility, and he risked his judgment as he risked his life. "His campaigns," says the historian Bancroft, "led up to the victories which not only redeemed South Carolina from British rule, but gained the independence of America."

Sumter was a forceful speaker, and was always a popular man in the state. After the Revolution he was elected to the United States Congress. He lived to be over ninety years of age and kept his faculties until his death.

Andrew Pickens.

XX. ANDREW PICKENS

After the close of the French and Indian War in 1759, many of the Scotch-Irish who had settled in Pennsylvania removed to South Carolina. Andrew Pickens belonged to one of these families. He was a younger man than Marion or Sumter, but saw his first military service in 1761, in the campaign against the

Cherokee Indians, in which Marion took his first lessons in warfare.

He was made a major in a brigade under General Williamson, who was sent to put down the Cherokees. The little army halted for a few days' rest, and Williamson sent forward Major Pickens with twenty-five men, on foot, as scouts. Only two miles from camp, while going through a field grown up in grass four to five feet high, on a ridge near by they discovered about two hundred Indians in their war-paint. The Indians were armed with guns. When the chief caught sight of the white men, he called out to his braves: "Do not shoot; there are only a few whites. Let us tomahawk them!"

In Pickens's party there was a half-breed who understood the Cherokee language, and he told Pickens what the chief had ordered. At once Pickens's cool courage suggested the best way to meet the attack. He said to his men: "Don't fire until I do; then two at a

time take fair aim, fire, and fall down in the grass; and lie there until you can reload your guns. While you are reloading let the next two fire; and so on."

He waited until the Indians were within about twenty-five yards; then Pickens fired, and fell in the grass; the others fired as he had directed. The firing of the white men was so unexpected, and the aim was so deadly, that the savages dropped their tomahawks and began to shoot. Pickens and his men reloaded their guns and fired in the same deliberate fashion as before. The Indians became terror-stricken by the deadly fire of the whites, and fled to the mountains.

In 1781 the Cherokees were influenced by the British again to take the war-path against the Americans. At once Pickens, then a colonel, got together a body of mounted militia. Some of the men had guns, but many of them had nothing but cutlasses made in the country blacksmith shops. With this troop,

thus armed, Pickens undertook to drive back the savages. He first came up with the Indians in a field of sedge and undergrowth. "Now, my men," said he, "the Indians are poor marksmen; let them shoot first; then rush up until you can see the whites of their eyes; then fire."

After firing, the militia rushed on the savages with their cutlasses, and hewed them down right and left, with such slaughter that the Cherokees fled. Pickens destroyed their fields, burned their towns, and took a number of prisoners. The Indians soon sued for peace, and promised not to be induced again by the British to molest the Americans.

Pickens lived in the northwestern part of South Carolina, where the people were not united in the cause of the colonies against Great Britain. But he had espoused the American side, and had used his influence to induce others to do so. After the fall of Charleston, however, there seemed so little

hope for independence that Colonel Pickens decided to take protection from the British. He regretted having done so when Marion and Sumter had gained some success. He was urged to take up arms again and to join the patriots.

However much Pickens loved the cause of liberty, he loved honor even more. Because he had taken the oath, he felt that he could not break his parole.

However, a troop of marauding Loyalists visited his home in his absence, insulted his wife and family, plundered his premises, and carried off his stock. He felt that this outrage released him from his parole. He at once went to Colonel Cruger, a British officer, and told him his intention of again joining the patriots. "If you should be taken prisoner, you would be hanged," said Cruger; "nothing could save you." The warning had no effect, and Pickens at once announced to his neighbors his intention.

His reëntering the service was a great gain to the American cause. He was a man of courage and honor, and had the confidence of all who knew him. Many of the best men of his section at once joined the patriots, for almost all had suffered from recent Tory outrages.

He was made a general and joined General Morgan. When Tarleton was pursuing the Americans, before the battle of Cowpens, Pickens induced Morgan to make a stand. He said: "Let us not cross the river;[1] my men will suppose that we are retreating, and will be discouraged. These men know nothing of discipline. They have come to fight; if they get scattered, they will want to go home."

Morgan decided not to move on, but to give fight. During the night he and Pickens went among the soldiers to encourage them for the next day's fight. "We are going to

[1] Broad River.

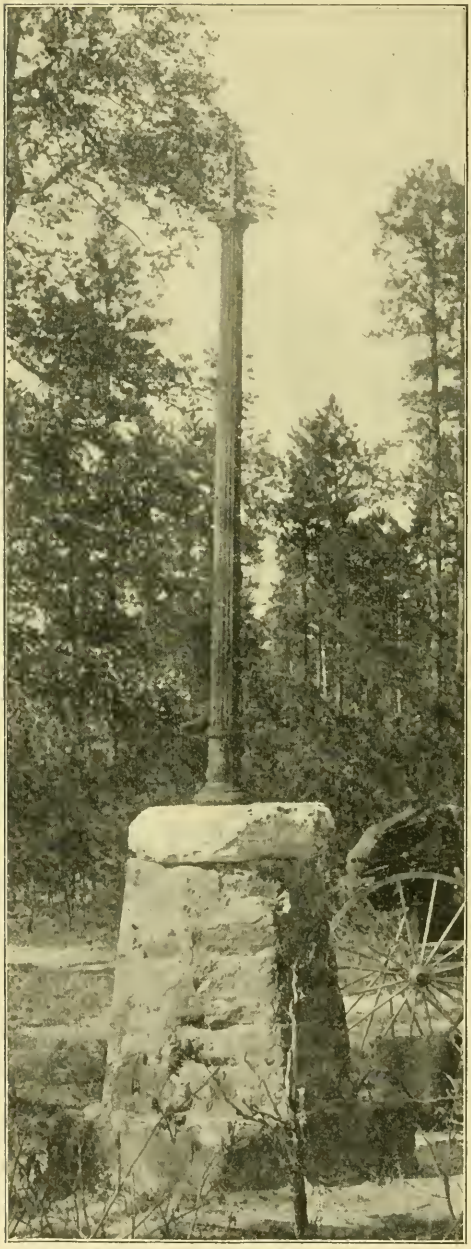
Monument to General Morgan, Spartanburg.

fight to-morrow," said Pickens. "Stand fire as long as you can, men. Don't shoot until the enemy are within thirty paces of you. You can dodge behind trees and stand it; but when you can't stand any more, don't run. Quietly retreat; then form again on the left and the right of the regular troops. Mark the epauletted men and shoot at them." [1]

It was about eight o'clock in the morning that the British came in sight of the Americans, at the Cowpens, on Broad River. Tarleton rushed into action with a huzza, expecting to carry everything before him. The Americans met him with deliberate courage. The militia, under Pickens, kept their line with coolness, and fired when the British had come within good range. So fatal was their work, that one of the officers of the Maryland troops said, "The militia gained the battle."

Their obedience in aiming at the epauletted men resulted in the killing and wounding of

[1] Epaulettes are worn only by officers.



Cowpens Battlefield Monument.

a large number of British officers. Tarleton ordered his men to charge bayonets. This was too much for untrained soldiers, and Pickens's men ran. Then it was that he did what few commanders have ever done — he rallied raw troops in full retreat, and they came boldly back to fight. Cowpens was a glorious victory for the Americans. Congress voted a medal to General

Morgan, and to General Pickens, a sword. At Eutaw Springs Pickens received a wound. After the war he served the state well in various positions. In 1816 he was elected governor.

The names of Marion, Sumter, and Pickens are found in many states as the names of counties, towns, and post offices. This honor is but a fit recognition of what these men did for their country.

XXI. BATTLE OF KING'S MOUNTAIN

The battle of King's Mountain was the turning-point in the American Revolution. For several months during the year 1780 Colonel Ferguson had been overrunning the upper part of South Carolina. The bitterest of the Tories had joined him, and there was no end to the wanton cruelty and pillage that followed his march.

The outlook in the southern colonies for the American cause was indeed gloomy. Ferguson was pushing on toward North Carolina. The patriots of that colony and of Virginia felt that their turn was coming, and that the marauding army would march on them. They determined to raise forces to oppose it. For this purpose a number of mountain men gathered under Colonels

William Campbell, John Sevier, and Isaac Shelby.

When the patriot leaders of South Carolina heard of this gathering of troops, it was a source of great encouragement to them.

Ferguson heard of the plan to attack him, and fixed his camp on a spur of King's Mountain. The mountain is only about fifteen miles in length. The battle ground is in York county; the pinnacle is on the North Carolina side. Ferguson thought that he had selected a strong position, and made the wicked boast that God himself could not drive him from it.

The patriots of Virginia and the two Carolinas got together at Cowpens in South Carolina. In addition to the commands of Campbell, Sevier, and Shelby, there were those of Colonel James Williams, Colonel Benjamin Cleveland, Colonels Hill and Bratton, Major Joseph McDowell, Major Joseph Winston, Lieutenant Colonel Frederick Ham-

bright, Colonel Edward Lacey, and other smaller commands. Colonel Campbell of Virginia was put in command of the entire force.

The spot on which Ferguson had taken his stand has been described as a long stony ridge, very narrow at the top — so narrow that a man standing on it might be shot from either side. On the 7th of October, when the patriots came near the mountain, they halted, tied all loose baggage to their saddles, left their horses in charge of a few men, and went forward to the attack.

Colonel Campbell gave the command to the men to charge. "Shout like Indians and fight like demons!" Colonel Hambright had found out from a Tory lad that Ferguson wore a large duster over his bright uniform. So in his Pennsylvania German accent Hambright shouted to his men: "Well, poys, when you see dot man mit a pig shirt on over his clothes, you may know who him is, and mark him mit your rifles!"

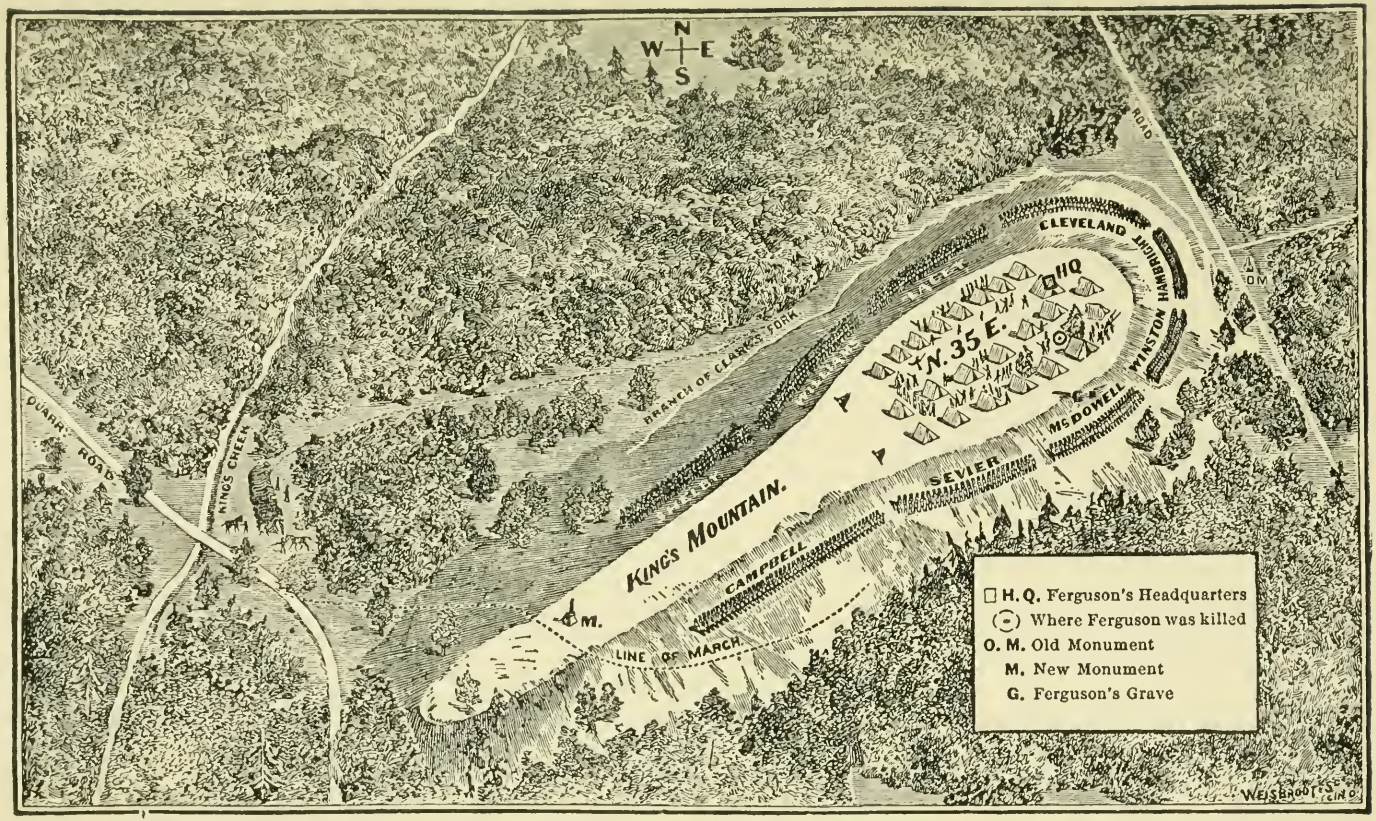


Diagram of the Battle of King's Mountain.

The patriots nearly surrounded Ferguson's army. The British and Tories formed in line, and fought desperately, but from their great elevation they shot over the attacking forces and killed but few. Several times the patriots were pushed back, but each time they rallied and charged again. In little more than an hour they had gained a complete victory. Ferguson fought bravely but was killed. His loss in men was heavy.

An amusing story is told of one of Lacey's men. He was a true patriot at heart, but was unable to stand the smell of powder, and never failed to run at the first fire. On going into the battle of King's Mountain his friends advised him to stay out of the fight. "No," he said, "I am going to stand my ground to-day, *live or die*." Sure enough, at the very first fire he took to his heels, as usual. After the battle was over, when he returned, his friends scolded him for his conduct. "From the first fire I knew nothing

at all till I was gone about a hundred and fifty yards; and when I came to myself I tried to stop, *but my confounded legs would carry me off!*"

XXII. FERGUSON'S DEFEAT

(A BALLAD often sung by old soldiers after the Revolution. The author is not known.)

Come all of you good people, I pray you draw near;
A tragical story you quickly shall hear,
Of Whigs and of Tories, how they bred a great strife,
When they chased old Ferguson out of his life.

We marched to the Cowpens; brave Campbell was there,
And Shelby, and Cleveland, and Colonel Sevier,
Taking the lead of their bold mountaineers,
Brave Indian fighters devoid of all fears.

They were men of renown, like lions so bold,
Lions undaunted, ne'er to be controlled;
They were bent on a game they had in their eye,
Determined to take it — to conquer or die.

We marched from the Cowpens that very same night;
Sometimes we went wrong, but then we got right;
Our hearts being run in true Liberty's mold,
We regarded not hunger, nor wet, nor cold.

Early next morning we came to the ford —
Cherokee was its name, and Buford [1] the word.
We marched through the river, with courage so free,
Expecting the foemen we might quickly see.

Like eagles a-hungry in search of their prey,
We chased the old fox the best part of the day;
At length on King's Mountain the old rogue we found,
And we, like bold heroes, his camp did surround.

The drums they did beat, and the guns they did rattle;
Our enemies stood us a very smart battle.
Like lightning the flashes, like thunder the noise;
Such was the onset of our mountain boys.

The battle did last the best part of an hour;
The guns they did roar, the bullets did shower;
With an oath in our hearts to conquer the field,
We rushed on the Tories, resolved they should yield.

We laid old Ferguson dead on the ground;
Four hundred and fifty dead Tories lay round,
Making a large escort, if not so wise,
To guide him to his chosen abode in the skies.

Brave Colonel Williams and twenty-five more
Of our brave heroes lay rolled in their gore;

[1] *Buford* was the countersign that day

With sorrow their bodies we laid in the clay,
In hopes that to heaven their souls took their way.

We shouted the victory that we did obtain;
Our voices were heard seven miles on the plain:
"Liberty shall stand! And the Tories shall fall!"
Here's an end to my song, so God bless you all.

Rebecca Motte.

XXIII. A BRAVE WOMAN

REBECCA MOTTE

During the Revolution the women distinguished themselves for their patriotism and courage. One of the noted women of South Carolina was Mrs. Rebecca Motte. She was a wealthy widow of Orangeburg county. About the time of the surrender of Charleston she

had built a large house on her plantation. The mansion was an elegant one, and occupied a commanding place upon a high hill.

A British officer named McPherson took possession of Mrs. Motte's new mansion as a garrison for his soldiers. He was not brutal like Tarleton, but he thought it necessary to fortify himself in her house to protect himself against the Americans. He fortified the house by digging a ditch and making a high embankment around it. This fortified dwelling was the British Fort Motte.

Mrs. Motte was forced to move out of her new mansion, back into a smaller farmhouse which she had formerly occupied. McPherson politely helped her to move her household articles. In the house were a handsome bow and some arrows, brought from the East Indies some years before, and given to Mrs. Motte's brother. These had been forgotten, but her niece, Mrs. Brewton, remembered them and went back into the mansion for them. Near

the gate she dropped one of the arrows out of the quiver. McPherson picked it up, and was about to feel the point of it with his finger. "Stop, Lieutenant McPherson," said Mrs. Brewton; "the arrows are poisoned, and it might cost your arm or your life, if one should scratch you."

Colonel Henry Lee and Marion, learning of McPherson's garrison, determined to attack him before Lord Rawdon, the British commander, could come to his aid. They soon found, however, that their small cannon could not dislodge him, and that the only chance to make him surrender was to burn the house.

To burn Mrs. Motte's mansion was a bitter trial to Colonel Lee. He had made her farm-house his headquarters at her own invitation, and she had shown every manner of kindness and hospitality to him and his men. She had aided the needy soldiers, and had visited the sick and wounded in camp. How could he tell her of his determination to burn the mansion?

But before he announced to her his intention, she herself brought to him the East Indian bow and arrows, and told him to tie burning tow to the arrows, and with them to shoot fire upon the roof.[1]

A strong-armed Scotchman was given the bow. He tied tow soaked in turpentine to an arrow; then lighted the tow and shot it upon the roof of the house. It was hot, dry weather, and the shingles were soon in flames. McPherson ordered his men to climb up and put out the fire, but Captain Finley opened with his battery, raking the building from end to end. The fire was soon so hot that McPherson was forced to surrender.

After the surrender the soldiers of both armies rushed in and extinguished the flames. Two years later the mansion was accidentally burned.

Mrs. Motte had prepared dinner to which

[1] As to the manner of firing the house there are several versions, but they do not differ in any important respect.

she asked both the American and British officers. When Lieutenant McPherson met Mrs. Brewton, he said, "You warned me of the poisoned arrow; it would have been a kindness to let me die rather than know the mortification of surrender." Mrs. Motte turned to the young officer, and said, "Lieutenant McPherson, it is not dishonor. Think of surrender as I did of the burning of my house — that it is one of the fortunes of war."

The cannon, a six-pounder, used at Fort Motte, is now in the keeping of a Mr. Hane of Fort Motte, South Carolina, and is a curiosity.

XXIV. ANOTHER BRAVE WOMAN

EMILY GEIGER

The service done by Emily Geiger for South Carolina was all the more remarkable because she was a very young woman — only eighteen years old. Her father was a German farmer living in Lexington county. He was devoted to the American cause, but was too old for active service.

General Greene, on his retreat from Ninety-Six in June, 1781, learned that the British commander, Lord Rawdon, was in pursuit. Sumter and Marion had planned to join Greene, and it was important to let them know of this unexpected movement of the British. A messenger would have to pass through the British lines in order to reach

Sumter's camp, and would run a great risk of being captured.

Emily Geiger heard of Greene's need of a safe and speedy messenger. She went herself to General Greene, and offered to carry the dispatch. Greene was delighted to accept her heroic offer; at the same time he knew the danger of her being taken prisoner. He read to her the letter he wished her to carry. If she should be arrested, she could destroy the dispatch; and yet, if she managed to get through the enemy's lines, she could give Sumter the information.

It was a long and lonely ride which Emily undertook, but she did not falter. Her horse was strong, and she went on without hindrance until after she had crossed the Congaree River. On the edge of a dried-up swamp she was met by a small party of British. The scouts suspected the young girl riding alone on the dismal road. Emily boldly challenged them to bring a woman to

search her. The men took her to a deserted cabin near by, fastened her in, left a guard, and went for some one to search her.

As soon as she was alone, the girl read the letter carefully, then tore it into small pieces, chewed the pieces, and swallowed them. Soon a woman came to search her, but of course she found nothing, and Emily was released. She at once set off again.

Late in the afternoon of the same day Emily was again arrested, this time by some Tories. She was taken to a farmhouse and confined in a room by herself. About twelve o'clock at night the moon rose bright. All in the house except Emily were sound asleep. She contrived to open her window, and to get out of the house. She found a bridle, and in the lot she got her own horse. Without the saddle she mounted him, and succeeded in finding her way to the house of a patriot friend. It was scarcely day when she arrived. She explained her errand; a

hurried breakfast was prepared, a fresh horse was saddled for her, and a guide was given her to show her a shorter and a safer way to Sumter's camp.

After the guide had given her accurate directions, he left her alone. She urged on her tired horse. In the afternoon she came up with some soldiers whom she knew to be Sumter's men. "Take me to General Sumter," she said eagerly; "I have a message for him from General Greene." She was so tired that she could scarcely speak, yet she repeated to Sumter, almost word for word, the contents of the letter which she had destroyed.

In an hour the patriot officer and his band were on the march to the point to which General Greene had directed him to come. At the same time a courier was sent to Marion to explain the change of plans of the Americans. How much was saved to the American army by brave Emily Geiger's ride, we can only guess.

In 1824 the distinguished Frenchman, Lafayette, who had fought on the American side in the Revolution, revisited the United States. It is said that on his visit to Charleston he met Emily at a ball, and danced with her. Her body lies buried in an obscure graveyard not far from Columbia.

XXV. EMILY GEIGER'S RIDE

(By F. Muench)

At an early hour of a dawn in June,
Still stood in the heavens the disk of moon;
A crowd was assembled in front of a cot,
In a motley, half-anxious, half-curious knot
Round a jet-black charger, all saddled for ride;
And they fondled his neck and they patted his side,
Affectionately murm'ring: "Remember, good steed,
This day a whole country depends on thy speed!"

The intelligent creature in mute reply
Let sweep o'er the circle his faithful eye;
And eager to prove to the people his strength,
Extended his forelegs their uttermost length,
And seemed to express by his snuffing the air,
By the strain of his muscles and nostrils' flare:
"Be tranquil, good folks! I shall prove by my deed
That the country not vainly relied on my speed!"

The cottage door opened, and out on the scene,
And led by the arm of General Greene,
Came Emily Geiger, her thoughtful face
Illumed by her mission's transfiguring rays.

But he gave her a letter, and stroking her curls,
He whispered: "God shield thee, thou bravest of girls;"
Then he turned to the charger: "Remember, good steed,
This day a whole country depends on thy speed!"

A kiss from her father, who lent her his aid
To leap in the saddle; a word from the maid,
And forth plunged the charger with all his might,
And quickly had vanished with falcon's flight.
Long harked yet the patriots to his gallop's report,
Then turned to their task of bombarding the fort;
But they prayed the whole day: "Oh, haste thee, good steed;
This day a whole country depends on thy speed!"

In course as straight as a robin will soar
To the north, when the winter's dominion is o'er,
The maid in the meantime had followed the ridge
That skirts the Saluda: once over the bridge,
Her journey lay wholly in hostile domain,
A region of warfare and party campaign;
So she called to her charger: "Now haste thee, good steed!
The weal of a country depends on thy speed!"

A ride of five hours, and the Enoree lay,
From mountain-rains swollen, across their way;

Every bridge washed away, every trace of a ford;
No ferry, no wherry to take them on board.
Yet breasting the billows, they boldly defied
The treacherous, turbulent, threatening tide,
And landed in safety. "Now haste thee, my steed!
The weal of a country depends on thy speed!"

'Twas noon! and from heaven the radiant sun
Shot fiery beams, yet she slacked not her run
As she wended her way through the Tyger's vale
On a narrow, obstructed, old Indian trail.
Her saddle here broke, but she flung it aside,
And sitting now bareback, continued her ride,
While urging her charger: "Now haste thee, my steed!
The weal of a country depends on thy speed!"

So riding, two Tories, their muskets in hand,
Sprang forth from their ambush and brought her to stand.
They asked her, unwilling her word to believe;
They ransacked her satchel, but failed to perceive
How she swallowed the letter she bore at her heart.
The search proving fruitless, they let her depart.
Remounted she whispered: "Now haste thee, my steed!
The weal of a country depends on thy speed!"

'Twas eve! in the tent-rows of Sumter's small camp,
Sat his men round the fires, when a furious tramp
Was heard of a sudden, and a charger flew past
With the roar of a whirlwind and the pant of a blast;
His rider a maiden with wild-flowing hair,
But her visage illumed by a rapturous glare,
As she called: "Yet one moment, one moment, my steed;
And saved is the country, yea! saved by thy speed!"

Asking for Sumter, wherever she went,
Scarce waiting for answer, she came to his tent,
And spoke: "It is Greene who hath sent me; his note
I swallowed when waylaid, yet know what he wrote —
To give him a chance yet the fort to assail,
Or else to retreat when his efforts should fail,
He bids thee 'gainst Rawdon forthwith to proceed,
For the weal of the country depends on thy speed!"

And Sumter believed her; he gave the command
Forthwith to assemble his mountaineer band;
And while the drums rattled, and the clarions blew,
The maiden went out to her charger, and threw

Her arms round his neck, exclaiming with joy:

"Friend! knowest what meaning these signals convoy?

The thanks of a country for thy valorous deed;

For saved is the country, yea! saved by thy speed."

XXVI. THE WAR OF 1812

After we gained our independence our relations with England were not very pleasant, and from 1783 until 1812 there was continual friction. Great Britain was sensitive over the loss of the American colonies, and had little love for the United States.

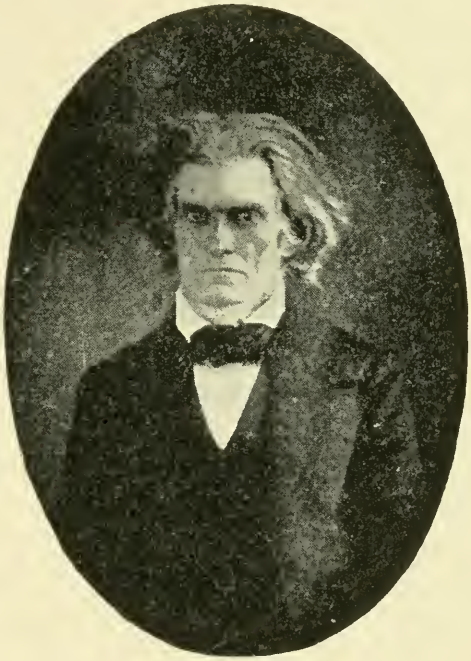
The greatest annoyance to the United States came from the British war ships. These vessels often stopped our merchant ships at sea, and took from them such sailors as they chose, and forced them into the British service. This was called impressment, and the brutality often shown to the men thus forced into the British men-of-war was very great. England claimed that she was taking from our vessels only British sailors who had deserted from her war ships. The fact is, many of the sailors on our vessels

had left the British service because of the poor pay and the cruel treatment. But the British commanders took from our ships not only the English sailors but American sailors as well. We insisted on this being stopped, but England paid no attention to our demands.

What was to be done? The United States Navy was a poor affair. In 1811, Paul Hamilton of South Carolina was Secretary of the Navy, and he gives a gloomy account of the situation. There were a half dozen frigates, and a few gunboats — all in bad order. Besides, the stores of ammunition were low.

Congress would vote no money, and how was the United States to protect its seamen against England's thousand ships? In 1812 Langdon Cheves, a member of Congress from South Carolina, offered a bill to appropriate from two million to ten million dollars to build a navy. This was considered so enormous a sum that it almost shocked the country to hear such a thing suggested.

Mr. Cheves, in an eloquent speech, showed that it was for the best interests of the country to build this navy. William Lowndes of South Carolina made a speech on the same subject. He showed how it was in the power of England, if we had no ships to oppose her, to blockade the city of New York, ruin its commerce, and beggar the community. He claimed that the government owed protection to its seaports, and that it should own a navy strong enough to give them protection.



JOHN C. CALHOUN.

The troubles between the two countries kept growing. In June, 1812, war against

Great Britain was declared. John C. Calhoun of South Carolina, and Henry Clay of Kentucky, became the leaders of the war party. The people in many sections of the Union opposed the war. Especially did New England oppose it. The merchants of that section were growing rich from the commerce with Europe, and they did not believe that the sufferings of a few seamen were worth a war. The open scorn of England and the scarcely veiled contempt of France were trying to the South Carolinians.

For two years after war was declared things went on badly. For some time the English gave no trouble in the South. It was well for us that they did not attack our southern coast. General Thomas Pinckney did the best that could be done with a small number of troops. The assistance he received from the United States government amounted to very little. "No gunboats," Pinckney says, "for the protection of our harbors; except

Colonel Drayton at Charleston, not a single regular army officer above the grade of captain."

Fortunately there were never any important actions on the South Atlantic coast. The British threatened the town of Beaufort, South Carolina, but our small force made the enemy believe that we had a much larger army than we really had, and they retreated. But as in the Revolution, they raided the plantations, took negro slaves and stock, and greatly terrified the citizens.

In December, 1814, peace was declared. The United States had gained dignity in the eyes of the nations of Europe. Since that time proper respect has been shown the United States by all the nations of the Old World, and England has heartily taken the lead in doing so.

AN ANECDOTE OF THE WAR

During the war nearly all articles of commerce became very costly. Flour sold at from ten to twelve dollars a barrel, and was

very scarce at that price. Frugal housekeepers made their biscuits small.

On one occasion the governor wished to send a letter to an officer in Edgefield. The letter was of too much importance to wait for the slow post, which brought letters only once a week. The governor sent one of his aides with the letter. The officer's wife asked the aide to stay for dinner.

The cook had the flour given to her by her mistress, who said to her: "Make as many biscuits as you can out of the pint of flour."

Dinner was announced. The biscuits were brought in and they were small. The aide had a good appetite, and the delicacy of the biscuits was fully enjoyed by him. He would take one almost at a mouthful, and then say to the servant waiting on the table, "Boy, hand me a biscuit." He was talking busily as he ate, and called "Boy, biscuit," until the little negro could stand no more. "Missus, he done et seben! Mus' I gib him annudder?"

XXVII. THE BOAT CHASE

A STORY OF THE WAR OF 1812

(Adapted from John A. Stuart)

"STRANGE," said the captain, sweeping the horizon with his spyglass, "that we see nothing of Trunkard and Hilton. Raise that pine sapling at the head, that they may be sure of us if they see us."

A few minutes after this signal, a boat was seen outside the Bay Point surf, on the side next the sea, also carrying a pine sapling at her head. The boat came to the opposite point, then rowed swiftly back around the beach eastward, out of sight.

Shortly afterward two men walked down to the Point, raised a sapling, planted it in the sand, then went back out of sight.

"Something wrong!" said the captain.

"They saw us, have answered our signal, but cannot venture out. We must stop fishing and go to them. In with your lines and up with your anchor!"

There was deep noontide stillness around, broken only by the noise of the boat on the waters. A brisk breeze from the southwest presently arose. The wind came in puffs; the clouds which had been gradually gathering in the south were extending their columns; the frigate in the offing was scudding under shortened sails before the force of the gust. The whitecaps, and the breakers on the banks, began rearing their giant crests.

Old Sam said quaintly, "Broad River is going to show himself, and he has put on his ruffle-shirt."

The anchor was slipped, the boat trimmed, and as he was balancing his oar for the first stroke, Old Sam pointed astern and spoke: "Trouble coming! Free Tony in de stern of dat boat, he make sign to me!"

The carrier boat, which had been anchored higher up, but out of hailing distance, was laboring against the tide to get down to the other boat. The negro at the helm pointed slyly to the marsh back of Bay Point, then to Paris Island, and lastly to the bottom of the boat.

A cannon boomed heavily from the schooner, and with sails unfurled the vessel beat down the river. A long, dark boat shot rapidly out from the creek behind Bay Point Island, another came around the point of Paris's bank. In the canoe, which was now within musket-range of the first boat, about twenty men started up from their concealment, and five or six sailors ran out the oars. Captain Willett and his crew saw that they were British.

"We must make for Bay Point, or out to sea, as our only chance," said Willett, in a low voice as if to himself. Then aloud to the crew in a cheerful voice: "Stretch to your

oars, boys! There's no danger! Nothing this side of Helena can row with the *Devilfish*. Put it to her lustily, and give the rascals a wide wake of dead water!"

A volley of shot came to the *Devilfish* from the pursuers. Most of the bullets went over the heads of the crew; a few splashed around the oars, or pattered against the side of the boat. One carried the hat of Maurice overboard.

"Shall we get our guns?" said William, eagerly.

"No, not yet," returned the captain. "Uncase mine, but keep yours dry until we must use them."

The enemy had a first-rate plantation boat, and were nearing the boat of the Carolinians, although with a rolling sound the oars rattled with rapid, regular strokes on the latter's gunwales.

"Sit down, massa, for de Lord's sake!" cried Sam, as the captain raised himself and

stood at his full height. Without knowing his motives, the other Carolinians also rose.

"Down with you, boys! You'll spoil the trim of the boat. Silence, Sam, and pull!" commanded the captain, and then lowering his voice, said to James Stuart, the only other white man in the boat: "Our danger is, that the negroes may take a panic, and be good for nothing."

Shot after shot followed in irregular succession. "Sit down, sir," said Stuart, "you are hurt."

"Only skin deep," replied the captain, showing his arm, which was grazed and bleeding a little. "Cut loose those fish from the side, Maurice and William," he said to the white lads; "throw the rest of the fish overboard!" "Mind your oars, boys!" he said to the negroes. "Mind your oars and nothing else; row deep, and don't catch crabs.[1] You'll not be hit — they are firing at me over your

[1] To miss strokes in rowing.

heads. We hold way with them as the boat lightens. They don't gain on us now. Hand me my gun! James, put a ball into one barrel."

He spoke quietly to the negroes: "Now stop rowing a minute." He knelt on the seat, took aim, fired, and the sailor at the leading oar of the pursuing boat fell backward, across the oar of the man next to him.

"Now, Sam, get ready the foresail while they are getting to rights again," said the captain, coolly. "Load my gun again, James, and keep the lock covered with your handkerchief."

"Trow away all de fish?" asked Sam.

The captain smiled. "No; save six for ballast." "Foot the mast there!" he continued; "spreet the sail higher! take the sheet rope, William! and now good-by to them!"

The enemy also were salt-water veterans. The distance between the boats did not widen. Both boats, under oar and sail, bounded across the bay toward the sand bank on the bar.

Another of the English boats was seen cutting across to head off the Carolinians from reaching Bay Point. A third had not yet joined in the chase, but had placed itself so as to intercept their return up Broad River, or toward Hilton's Head. The case of the Carolinians seemed desperate. Only Captain Willett made no sign of faltering.

"Take the helm, James, and give me my gun again!" said Willett. He fired. The soldier who held the sheet rope of the canoe, after a short convulsion, was drawn overboard by the sail and dragged in the water. The rope uncoiled from about his waist, and the man went down. The sail swung loose, the boat gave a lurch to windward, took in water, and nearly upset. As she righted she struck her mast, and the soldiers leveled their muskets; but the captain sent among them buckshot from his right-hand barrel, which spoiled their aim, and their shot went over the heads of the *Devilfish's* crew. Only

William Dalton was hurt, — a flesh wound in his shoulder.

William, in a rage, was uncasing his gun. "What are you about, William?" asked the captain, as he took the helm. "We have had some revenge already; save your shot for the tug! Here! case up my gun; quick! Look yonder!" He pointed ahead of the boat. The clouds were arching up from the horizon, and moving rapidly in. The frigate, now entering the bay, vanished in the white mist. A squall was at hand. In a moment it was on the boats. A dense cloud of rain drove the Carolinians backward. The oars, now useless, were drawn in, and the boat steered before the gale. In the five minutes the gale lasted, the boat was driven a quarter of a mile toward the northwest bank, and a half mile seaward.

As it cleared, the waves were higher than ever. The frigate had passed unseen, and was now discovered making up the bay northward.

The farthest boat had vanished, but the other two were about the same distance away, and again began the chase.

All depended now on rowing. Captain Willett's crew made for the outer edge of the bank. After a hard struggle the Carolinians regained all lost ground, and were almost on the long line of breakers. Both the English boats opened fire on the Carolinians.

"Now, boys," said the captain, "for your last chance! The sand can't have shifted much since last month, when I was here. If we strike, ship your oars, jump out, and shoulder the boat over the shoal before the next wave fills her. They will scarcely follow here." He steered at right angles to his former course, and straight for the reef.

The captain's voice rang clear above the roar of the surf and the din of the breakers: "Bend to her with all your strength; three good strokes — again! again! again! Now in with your oars!" The *Devilfish* was lifted

upon a surge so steep and high that, had the boat come fairly upon the shoal, it would have been shivered to pieces.

The boldest man held his breath. The boat was swept beyond the shallow water, and the stern grated on the edge of the hard sand with a shock which made the timbers crack. The careful eye of the pilot had hit the only narrow strait through the long shoal.

The boat went heavily into the deep basin. In an instant the oarsmen were again at work. William and Maurice bailed out the water, for the *Devilfish* had sprung a leak. It took all the skill of Captain Willett to steer with a broken oar in place of the rudder, which had been lost in the dash.

The British keel-boat had to give up the chase. But the other boat, to the surprise of the Carolinians, made a bold dash, and by good fortune gauged the height of the tide and got through the dangerous channel with less damage than the *Devilfish* had suffered.

"My life on it," said Willett, "there's an islander in that boat! No other man would have dared it. See that our guns are dry. We shall need them. Only keep at long shot until we gain the beach. We can land, and let them do what they please with our shattered canoe."

After zigzagging some time between the banks, the Carolinians knew that the chance for escape was better. Only a single enemy was now in their wake. The boatmen were not fagged, but rather invigorated by the excitement. They gave a saucy whoop, threw their right arms in the air, bent forward, and gave full sweep to their oars. The pursuing boat pressed forward, and sent shot after shot after the Carolinians.

The *Devilfish* reached first the channel between the shoal and the beach, and went through like a shot. It was so narrow that the spray from the breakers on opposite sides of the boat met above the heads of the men.

"Now stop rowing," said the captain; "we'll give them a point-blank salute with buckshot, and then land through the surf. See to your flints and priming."

Sam drew from its concealment a long musket, which he had wrapped in his greatcoat and tied up in an unused sail.

"Captain Willett," said Maurice, "shall I shoot at the oarsmen?"

"No, not at them. You and William and Sam aim into the crowd astern. James and I will pay our respects to the three Redcoats in the bows. Wait for the word! But see there! See on the beach!"

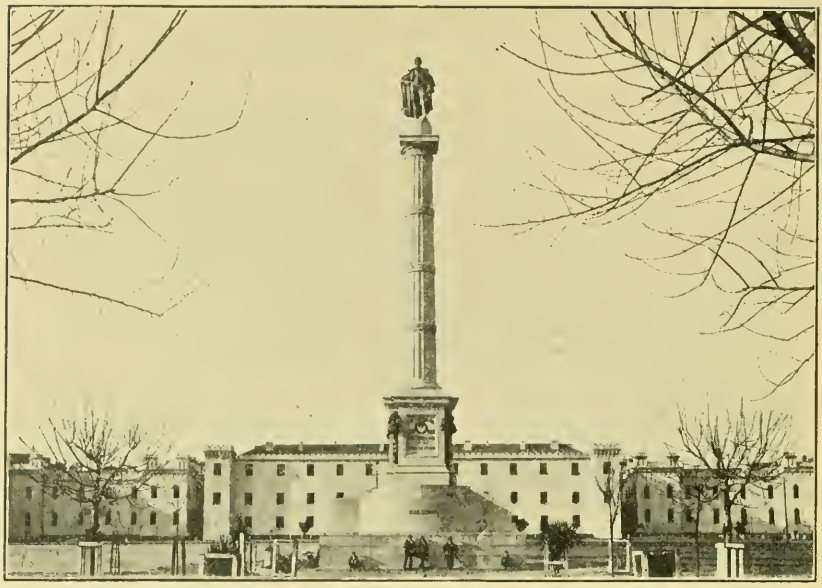
The crew of the *Devilfish* gave a cheer as three white men and three negroes rushed down the beach from the dead pines. These six men waded waist deep into the water and fired into the British boat while she was laboring midway in the strait behind the Carolinians.

"There are Hilton and Trunkard. Nobly done!" shouted Willett, waving his hat to

them. "Now for it! Back water, larboard oars! Round with her, starboard oars! Now pull away, all hands, and upon them! That will do. Steady her so. Aim well, boys, and —*fire!*"

The crew shot with good aim, Sam's musket sending a hailstorm of leaden slugs. This was followed by a cross-fire from the allies of the Carolinians on the shore.

The British were not inactive. James Stuart was wounded in the side. The fire from the shore disconcerted the British; but, above all, the four black oarsmen on the British boat leaped overboard, thus deserting the Englishmen. They came swimming for land, saying, "We can't stan' dis any longer." The remaining sailors could hardly keep the boat from being swamped in the surf. The British therefore put back, and were in full retreat and out of reach before Captain Willett and his men could reload their guns for a second fire at their enemies.



Calhoun Monument, Marion Square, Charleston.

XXVIII. JOHN C. CALHOUN

Among the public men of the United States there is no more majestic figure than John Caldwell Calhoun. He was a man of fine mental powers, of noble ambition, and of stainless character. For forty years he gave himself to the service of his country.

Calhoun was of Irish descent and was born in Abbeville county, near the close of the Revolution. In his boyhood there were few good schools in the interior of the state.

Therefore his early schooling was limited; but whenever he had the opportunity, he read the best books to be had. When John was yet a mere boy his father died, leaving the family in moderate comfort. From his fourteenth year till he was seventeen he attended to his mother's plantation.

While he was engaged on the plantation, an elder brother made a visit to the family. The brother was so struck with John's intelligence and information that he suggested his entering a profession. "No," said the young man; "I have not enough education and very little property. I would rather stay on as I am, and be a well-informed farmer than to be a half-informed lawyer or doctor." But the elder brother told him that he would arrange to furnish him with money enough for his education. "Mother would not be willing to spare me from the farm," replied John. This objection, too, the brother overcame, and got the mother's consent to her

young son going to school, and afterward to his attending college.

He entered the academy of his distinguished kinsman, Dr. Moses Waddel. He remained here two years, then entered the junior class at Yale. He was graduated from Yale with high honors. Next he studied law for three years. Seven years was the length of time he had planned to give to the preparation of himself for his work in life.

He settled in Abbeville for the practice of his profession. Within less than a year he was sent to the state legislature; two years later he was sent to the United States Congress. There his ability was soon recognized.

In Congress he was the warm supporter of the War of 1812. The governor of New York wrote to President Madison that his state's troops were so dissatisfied at not being paid, that he must have money for them, otherwise the war would end in British victory. The President was disheartened. His Secretary of War,

George M. Dallas, said to him: "Mr. Madison, you are not well; go and rest. I shall send for the youthful Hercules (Mr. Calhoun), who has all along borne the war on his shoulders."

After six years' service in Congress, Calhoun was made Secretary of War by President Monroe. The department was in utter confusion, the debts against it amounting to more than forty million dollars. He soon mastered the work. He cut down the expenses, and in seven years reduced the debt to three millions. The United States Military Academy at West Point was remodeled and started on a new life.

Calhoun was Vice President during the administration of John Quincy Adams and also in the first administration of Andrew Jackson. He was Secretary of State under John Tyler. A large part of his work was done in the United States Senate. He was a member of that body at the time of his death in 1850. His last speech to that body was delivered after he was too feeble to stand. His friend,

Mr. Mason, read it to the Senate and the crowded galleries, while Calhoun sat in his accustomed seat. The scene was a memorable one. Eighteen days later Calhoun was dead.

He was buried in Charleston. In Marion Square in that city stands a tall shaft at the

The Calhoun Homestead, Fort Hill.

top of which is a statue to the memory of South Carolina's most distinguished son.

Calhoun's old homestead, Fort Hill, is now included in the grounds of Clemson College.

XXIX. LANGDON CHEVES

One of "the bright galaxy," as the representatives in Congress from South Carolina during the War of 1812 were called, was Langdon Cheves. His name stands out as an example of how in a republic a man can rise from lowly origin to high rank.

The father of Langdon Cheves was an Indian trader to the Cherokee nation. His mother was a strong-minded, good woman from whom the son inherited his talents. She died while he was quite young. His father married again, and after the Revolution went to Charleston to live. The son while a mere lad was a salesman in a shop. One day in passing the county court house, his ear caught the sound of a lawyer pleading a case. The boy stopped, and went in to hear

the speech. He was so impressed that he made up his mind to be a lawyer. His friends advised him against this decision.

Young Cheves had already acquired habits of industry. As a hired boy plowing in the fields, or as a salesman in the shop, he was hard-working, faithful, and systematic. He had shown special aptness in trade and in bookkeeping. For these reasons his friends tried to dissuade him from entering a profession.

One friend remarked: "You would succeed as a merchant, and you might accumulate a fortune of thousands of dollars." We should like to know what this friend thought years afterward, when Langdon Cheves's income from his profession was twenty thousand dollars a year.

He studied law in the office of Mr. Marshall, the man whose speech had so attracted him. He was a diligent student, and it soon became known that his learning and

his knowledge of law were profound. Of course he did not enter at once into a large and profitable practice. He had to build it up. But his straight-forward character so impressed all who had dealings with him that success soon came. It was not unusual to hear such remarks as this: "If you have a worthy case, take it to Cheves; if an unworthy one, take it to some one else."

Cheves was elected to the state legislature. There he seemed a grave and distant man. Later he was elected to Congress. There, with such men as Lowndes, he was a genial companion. Cheves himself used to tell that when it was announced in 1812 that war had been declared, Lowndes, Calhoun, Clay, and he joined hands and danced a four-hand reel in their delight.

Soon after Mr. Cheves entered the House of Representatives, he made a strong speech on the subject of the war. The speech won laurels for his party, and gave it an influence

that it had not known before. He was made Speaker of the House, but after the war ended he declined a reëlection to Congress.

While in Congress he had opposed the re-chartering of the Bank of the United States. But the bank was re-chartered and later Cheves was called to its presidency. Here he made a fine record. He was an excellent financier. A speech of his on merchants' bonds showed so profound and clear knowledge of finance that it attracted much attention to him. Washington Irving said of this speech: "It was the only speech I ever heard which gave me an idea of the ancient eloquence of the Greeks and Romans."

Hard and constant work was the motto of Cheves's life. When a young man he said: "I work that I may rest." In the latter part of his life he lived at ease, and enjoyed the fortune and the honors gained by the exertion of his earlier days.

XXX. WILLIAM LOWNDES

Henry Clay, the great statesman, in his old age said to Mr. Lee of Maryland: "It is hard for me to decide who was the greatest statesman I ever knew; but I think the wisest was William Lowndes of South Carolina." Mr. Clay had known personally all the men in public life in the United States for forty years.

Another man who knew Mr. Lowndes said of him: "If the nation were in peril, I believe that the majority of the people of the United States would intrust the country to the guardianship of William Lowndes."

Mr. Lowndes died before he had completed his forty-first year; yet at that early age he had been in the United States Congress more than ten years.

He was the son of the peppery old man, Rawlins Lowndes, who was governor of South Carolina during the Revolution and who so strongly opposed the adoption of the Constitution of the United States. William was fifty years younger than his father, but the young, delicate boy was his father's constant companion. His schooling was at the academy of a Dr. Gallagher, in Charleston. When the boy was fifteen, the preceptor said to the father: "William has learned all I can teach him; really, he is ahead of me." The delicacy of the lad's health made his parents afraid to send him to England to finish his education. He read at home the best books and finally decided to study law.

Before he was twenty he fell in love with Elizabeth Pinckney, the daughter of Thomas Pinckney. The elder Lowndes and Mr. Pinckney were in different political parties, and a marriage between their children was not agreeable to either family. But as usual,

the young people had their way, and were married.

Not long after the marriage, Mrs. Lowndes was writing in her father's library. Mr. Pinckney was walking the floor. Presently he asked: "What are you writing, my daughter?" "Recipes from Grandmother Motte's book," she replied. "Very good!" answered her father; "but I advise you to study the plantation books also and to learn to keep your husband's accounts. Before many years your husband will be called to public life; the country will demand his services. The private affairs of a man in public life must suffer. You must learn to manage your husband's business for him."

Mr. Pinckney was not mistaken. At twenty-four years of age young Lowndes was sent to the state legislature. At that time a district, or county, sent representatives to the legislature in proportion to its wealth — not its population, as now. Negroes were property, and there were many more of them in the lower

counties of the state than in the upper counties. This made the representation from the coast districts much larger than that from the upper districts. The silent negro vote, as it was called, made much jealousy between the two sections of the state. Lowndes saw at once how unfortunate it was to have this jealousy between the two sections. He drafted a bill changing the plan of representation. The legislature passed it, and the law remained in force until the slaves became free.

In 1811, when twenty-nine years of age, Lowndes was sent to Congress. He, John C. Calhoun, and Langdon Cheves made a strong trio. They were one in heart for the honor of the nation.

Mr. Lowndes would never enter a caucus.[1] "I will give my views to the House," he said, when asked to go into one. In his speeches he never descended to personalities or to sarcasm.

[1] *Caucus* here means uniting of political managers for the purpose of deciding upon a line of policy for their party.

He made it a rule never to reply to attacks made on him; he brushed them aside and spoke on matters of public interest.

Before Lowndes reached the full measure of a useful life, his health, which was always delicate, gave way completely. He went on a sea voyage. A few days after he sailed "the great Lowndes passed away," and his body was buried in the Atlantic.

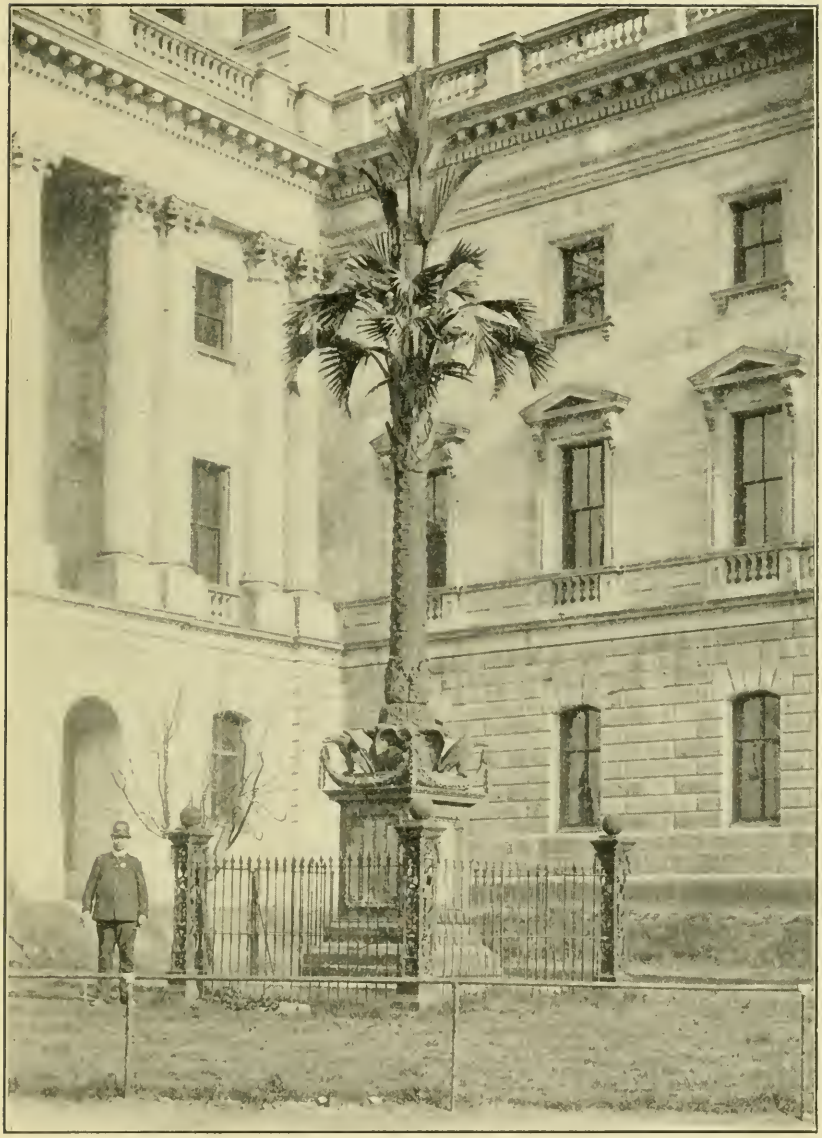
Mr. Taylor, a member of Congress from New York, said on hearing of Lowndes's death: "This is the greatest bereavement, in the loss of a citizen, which has befallen the Union since I have had a seat in its councils. The highest and best hopes of this country looked to William Lowndes for fulfillment." "There was but one thing of which Lowndes was ignorant," said another colleague, — "the magnitude of his own powers."

XXXI. THE PALMETTO REGIMENT

Although Texas was a part of Mexico, many people from the United States had made Texas their home. These people grew dissatisfied with the rule of Mexico. Therefore they declared themselves independent of Mexico and in 1836 set up a government of their own. War followed. After a number of bloody battles and some massacres of the Texans, General Sam Houston defeated the Mexicans.

Texas wished to become one of the United States and asked admission to the Union. It was admitted in 1845, although Mexico had not acknowledged its independence. War between the United States and Mexico soon followed.

In 1846 the President of the United States



Monument to the Palmetto Regiment, Columbia.

called for volunteers from each state. In less than four weeks a regiment of a thousand men was raised in South Carolina. It was called the Palmetto Regiment, and it acted well its part in the war.

It was December, 1846, when the regiment left the state. David Johnson was then governor. The law of South Carolina then did not permit the governor to go outside the state. Governor Johnson went with the troops as far as Hamburg, and at the bridge crossing the Savannah River to Georgia, told them good-by.

The governor said: "South Carolinians, as your commander-in-chief I have gone to the last boundary of the state,—would that the law permitted me to go farther. With unfaltering trust I place the honor of the state in your hands. I do not fear for the Palmetto Regiment. I know that the flag which you bear will never trail in the dust. I have unbounded faith that our state flag, borne for the first

time in a foreign war, will be returned without a stain of dishonor on its folds. I commit to your keeping the name and honor of South Carolina, and I commend each one of you to the keeping of the God of battles."

In close column, platoons of six marched by. Each platoon halted before the governor, who, with tears rolling down his cheeks, clasped the hand of every man of the regiment. As he said farewell to the last man, the governor paused for a moment, and then gave the order: "Forward! March!" And the Palmetto Regiment went out to glory.

Sickness attacked the men when in Mexico. Not fewer than two hundred died and were buried in Pueblo.

In battle, too, the loss was great. At Churubusco the loss was one hundred and thirty-seven men. At the city of Mexico the loss was greater by a hundred men than that of any other regiment in the United States army.

Writing to General Shields, Colonel Pierce

Butler said: "The Palmetto Regiment demands a place in the picture!" Said Lieutenant Colonel Dickinson, "We will follow you to the death!" "Ay, to the death!" cried out young Whitfield Brooks, a private in the ranks. And the brave youth sealed his words with his blood and laid down his life.

Colonel Butler and Lieutenant Colonel Dickinson were killed, and Major Gladden was badly wounded. One third of the regiment did not live to come back to South Carolina. At Churubusco, Chapultepec, and the City of Mexico the first American flag planted on the field of victory was the banner of the Palmetto Regiment.

XXXII. BUTLER AND THE PALMETTO REGIMENT

(By Rev. A. H. Lester)

I saw a band of heroes brave —
Palmetto was its sacred name —
Go forth to seek the conqueror's grave,
Or reap the conqueror's deathless fame.
I saw with tender feeling swell
Each bosom as they breathed "Farewell,
My native land!" and the tear-drops fell
From every eye:
But when they turned their feet from home,
Then shrieked the fife and pealed the drum,
And rang the deafening shout, "O come
Death or Victory!"

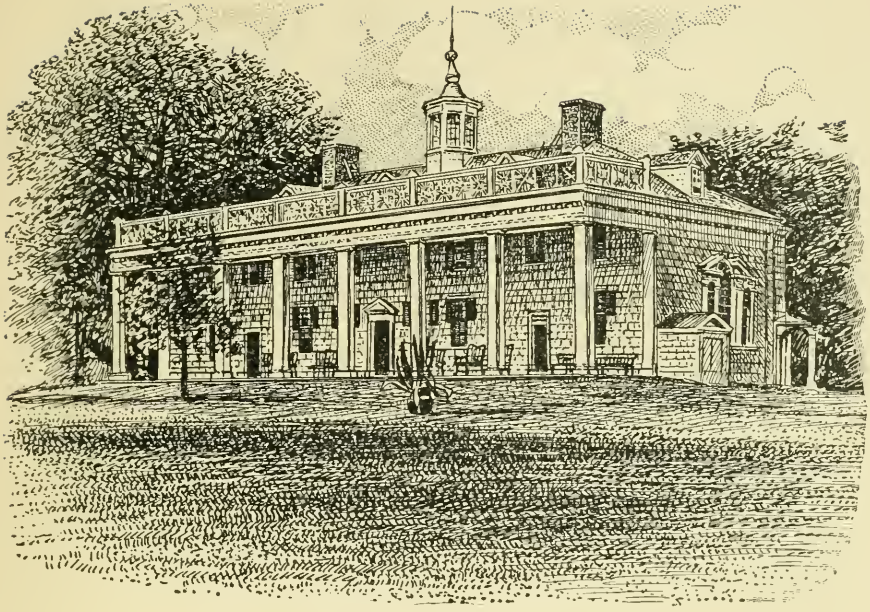
Their flag on high is wide unfurled,
And *onward* is the signal given.
With shivering clash their arms are hurled,
And death before their ranks is driven.

Amid the thundering cannon's roar,
'Mid curling smoke and streaming gore,
When death-shots on them thickest pour,
I hear a voice :
"On to the charge !" he boldly cries,
"On where immortal glory lies !
E'en now bright victory greets our eyes,
Onward ! brave boys !"

'Tis Butler ! at whose moving words
The stoutest heart fresh courage takes ;
The roar of guns or clash of swords
His fearless soul more fearless makes.
As on they charge — that Spartan Band
Fall thick and fast on every hand,
Yet firmly, nobly do they stand,
Though few remain.
The Stars and Stripes at length prevail,
Their folds triumphant kiss the gale,
But victory shouts the horrid tale
"Brave Butler's slain !"

He died indeed a hero's death —
He fell twice wounded to the field,
Exclaiming with his latest breath
"O never, never basely yield !"

Sleep on, Carolina's boasted son!
On earth thy glorious course is run!
Thy noble work was nobly done,
And thine is *fame*:
Though thou art dead, thy deeds shall live
Our highest tribute to receive,
And thousands yet unborn shall give
Praise to thy name.



Mansion-house, Mount Vernon.

XXXIII. ANN PAMELA CUNINGHAM

There are only two homes of great men that belong to the nation at large. These are Arlington, the home of Lee, owned by the Federal Government and used as a cemetery for United States soldiers, and Mount Vernon, the home of Washington. The latter was purchased by an association of women organized by Miss Pamela Cuningham of Laurens County, South Carolina.

Mount Vernon is not only an interesting, but a very beautiful, place. The old mansion-house, the barn, the garden with its walks, are all just as they were when the great Washington used them. On a hillside near the house is the tomb of Washington, which is visited by thousands of people every yeaf.

About fifty years ago John Augustine Washington owned the property. He announced that he would sell it. Beautiful Mount Vernon would either go to ruin, or fall into the hands of speculators. This thought put the brain of a South Carolina woman to work. Washington's home must be preserved!

Ann Pamela Cuningham was a woman of strong faith and firm courage. She wished to make Mount Vernon the property of the nation. Her mother suggested the idea of forming an organization for the purchase of the home by the women of our country.

Miss Cuningham was an invalid, but she had brain, energy, and resource. She reso-

lutely began writing articles for the newspapers and the magazines. These articles were signed "The Southern Matron." By private correspondence she enlisted the interest of influential men and women throughout the country.

Ann Pamela Cuningham.

Within five years from the time she began her work the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association had been organized, and in 1856 the association was incorporated by the Virginia legislature. The association paid $200,000 for the property.

Miss Cuningham was made the first Regent of the association. This was a fitting recognition of her faithful and patriotic labors. In the association there is a board

of Vice Regents selected to represent the different states. Each room in the old mansion-house is assigned to some state.

The family dining room is assigned to South Carolina. The room is furnished in the style of the Washington period. In addition to the articles of furniture, there are on the walls portraits of Marion, Pickens, Sumter, and Moultrie. On one of the walls is a fine portrait of Miss Cuningham, painted by Lambdin of Philadelphia.

Every year, in May, the Regent and the Vice Regents of the Mount Vernon Association meet at Mount Vernon to transact the business of the estate and to see that it is properly cared for by the superintendent who represents them.

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